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"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

BY CECIL LORRAINE.

Methinks there are no sadder words
  Than these, I know—"It might have been."
They speak of hopes that droop'd and died,
  Dead leaves that once were fresh and green.

Dear lips that oft have met our own
  Are cold and still for evermore,
Fond voices that have lov'd and prais'd
  Are echoing on the other shore.

And still those saddest of sad words
  Bring to our hearts an anguish keen,
As thro' the silent hours of thought
  A whisper comes—"It might have been."

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARGARET uttered no cry. For a second she seemed as if she had not heard. The room spun round; the blue sky outside the window turned red, and the sofa opposite her seemed to heave as if shaken by an earthquake. Then she laughed.

"You are a wicked woman!" she said, in slow tones of cold anger and contempt—"A very wicked woman! Why have you come here with this story? Do you want money?"

The girl looked at her with a strange look. Had she expected her victim to take the blow differently?

"You—you don't believe me?" she cried at last.

Margaret laughed; a short laugh of scorn and contempt.

"Believe you!" she said, and that was all.

Her retort seemed to render the girl desperate.

"You know it is true!" she cried. "You knew he was married—that I am his wife. He is Lord Blair Leyton: his uncle is the Earl of Ferrers. He is my husband, and you have stolen him from me——"

"You lie!" burst from Margaret's white lips.

The passion that had been smouldering within her bosom leaped like an all-devouring flame to her lips, and she stood over the pale faced, crouching girl like a goddess, her tall, graceful figure drawn to its full height, her eyes blazing, her hand outstretched as if it held the lightnings of Jove.

No wonder the girl shrank and cowered.

She did more than cower; she hesitated. For in that moment she quailed with fear, and half melted with pity, and shrank with loathing from her hellish task.

It was only for a moment. She had gone too far to go back now. To draw back would lead to exposure and ruin.

"Oh, hush, hush!" she whined. "You are too cruel! You know I speak the truth! We were married on the twelfth of March at St. Jude's—you do not believe me—see there then; there is the certificate!"

As she spoke she drew a paper from her breast and held it out, keeping firm grip of it, however.

Margaret stared at her without moving for a moment, then she bent down. For awhile she could see nothing; the paper and the characters on it danced before her eyes. Then her vision cleared, and she saw, still obscurely, the printed and written lines.

It was a certificate of the marriage of Blair, Lord Leyton—it set forth the long string of his Christian names—and Lucy Snowe, at the church of St. Jude, Paddington, on March the twelfth of the present year.

She tried to grasp the paper, but her fingers refused to close on it, and fell limp and useless at her side, and she stood glaring down at the crouching figure at her feet as at some monster.

"Are you convinced?" wailed the girl. "Do you believe me now? Oh, how do you think I should have the heart to tell you such a story! And now—what will you do? Oh, give him back to me! I don't utter a word of reproach against you! No! I know, I feel that he has deceived you—Ah!" she broke out as if she had been stung. "Don't tell me he has married you! If he has, if he has dared to, I'll punish him! I'll send him to penal servitude! I'll——"

Margaret's swooning senses caught the threat, and she held out her hand. It was her turn to plead.

"No, no!" she panted almost inaudibly, "he—he has not! He is nothing to me! You—you shall have him back! Oh, Heaven! Oh, Heaven!" and with a cry that rang through the room, she fell forward on her face.

Lottie Belvoir looked down at the prostrate figure of Margaret with a pallor that made the carefully-applied paint on her face look yellow by contrast.

For a minute or two she felt frightened and had an idea of calling for help. Lottie was not an altogether bad girl; indeed, the persons who are either altogether bad or altogether good do not exist in real life, but only in the pages of some novels.

She had been brought up in a hard school, in which each has to struggle for itself, and where each knows that without doubt the devil will take the hindmost.

Mr. Ambrose had worked upon her feelings and tempted her to do this thing, and she had done it. But in doing it she had felt distinctly uncomfortable. In the first place, she had discovered that Margaret was a lady; if she had been one of Lottie's own class, Lottie would have had no compunction whatever. Then, Margaret's beauty, which affected everybody more or less, had had its effect upon Lottie; then again, Margaret had treated her so kindly and gently; and altogether Lottie Belvoir had not had a particularly good time of it.

But she had undertaken this part, and much as she disliked it now she came to play it, she felt that it was too late to draw back, and that she must go through with it, though the sight of Margaret lying prone at her feet shook her resolution considerably.

She got the glass of water and sprinkled it over the white, beautiful face, and chafed her hands, and presently Margaret opened her eyes, and, smiling faintly, murmured:

"Blair!"

Then, as memory returned to its seat, the white features were convulsed, and shrinking away from Lottie, she said, in a ghastly whisper:

"It is all true, then? I—I thought I dreamt it!"

"Yes, it is all true," said Lottie, rather sullenly. "And now I want to know what you are going to do, miss?"

Margaret winced at the "miss." More surely than any other word could have done, it brought home to her the fact of her ruin and degradation.

Slowly she dragged herself to a chair, and sank into it, refusing with a slight shudder Lottie's proffered arm.

"What am I going to do?" she repeated, in a dull, benumbed fashion. "I do not know! Yes I—I must go away! I must go at once, before—before he returns."

"That is the best thing you can do, miss," said Lottie. "It goes against me to drive you away, but what can I do? He is my husband——"

"Yes, yes!" gasped Margaret, as if she were choking—"he is your husband—he is nothing to me. I have no right to stay here now. I will go."

"Perhaps you'd like to see him again, like to see us face to face and have it out with him?" suggested Lottie, doubtfully, and watching Margaret's face covertly.

"No, no! she said instantly, and with a shudder, "I—I never wish to see him again."

"He has behaved cruelly, shamefully to you, miss," said Lottie; "to both of us, in fact, and he isn't worth fretting about, though he is a lord."

Margaret sat staring at the gaily-patterned carpet, almost as if she had not heard the last words, then she looked round the room in a kind of bewildered fashion.

Lottie rose and let down her veil.

"There is a train in an hour," she said, with a sympathetic sigh, "if you'd like to go to London, or perhaps you'd like to go abroad. If there should be any money wanted——"

She had almost gone too far.

Margaret rose and looked at her with wild eyes.

"I will go," she panted, "do not be afraid! I will never see your—your husband again. But leave me alone! Do not offer me money"—then her face changed, and with a sob she cried: "forgive me. It is you who have been wronged, as well as me. I—I did not mean to speak so—but, oh, if you would only go and leave me to fight against my misery."

Lottie turned pale again under her paint and moved towards the door. There she paused, and a strange look came into her face. It was the shadow of coming remorse casting itself before its steps.

Even then there was a chance for Margaret, for at that moment Lottie's womanly heart was beginning to assert itself, and the impulse to fling herself at Margaret's feet and tell her the truth—the real truth—was making itself felt; but at that instant she caught sight of a man's figure coming up the winding path, and with a quick step she came towards Margaret.

"I am going," she said in her ear: "you will not see me again. Go to London—abroad—somewhere away from Blair, and Mr. Ambrose!"

These last words were not in her part, but for the life of her, though she lost all, Lottie could not have helped whispering them. Then, without waiting for any response, she went out and turned down the path. A hundred yards from the gate she met Austin Ambrose.

"Well," he said quickly, "is it over?"

"Yes, it's done!" she said, looking at him with anything but a pleasant countenance; "and a nice job it has been! Why didn't you tell me she was a lady?"

He made an impatient gesture.

"What does it matter? Where is she?—how did she take it?"

"She is in there," said Lottie shortly; "and she took it—well, it would have been almost as easy to have murdered her! Indeed, I shouldn't be surprised if it did kill her. She fell at my feet as if she were dead."

"Tut!" he said, with a cold smile, "she is not of the kind that die easily. She will get over it. But there is no time to lose. You get over to Paris—catch the down train to the junction, and travel by the night mail."

"And you?—what are you going to do now?" she asked.

He smiled.

"You need not trouble about that," he said. "You have done your part, and I'll see that you get your reward.

She nodded.

"If it was to be done over again——" she began, then she moved on a step, but stopped and, with a spot of red, said:

"I'd advise you to get her away before Blair comes back. If he should happen to turn up" she shrugged her shoulders—"I wouldn't give much for your life!"

He nodded and laughed, and his eyes flashed evilly.

"Blair will not turn up!" he said.

The tone of confidence startled her.

"Why! What have you done with him?" she asked.

"Now, my dear Lottie," he said, in a low voice, and looking round cautiously, "don't interfere with my part of the play. It doesn't concern you. Get off as fast as you can, and make your mind easy. Stop! you'll want money."

He put his hand to his pocket; but, with a deep flush and a tightening of the lips, she refused it—as Margaret had refused hers.

"I've got enough money to go on with," she said. "You can send it to the Hotel de Louvre at Paris, if you like," and, with a nod, she sped quickly down the path.

Austin Ambrose waited for a minute or two, looking at the sky. The blue that had been so unbroken a short time since, was streaked with fleecy clouds that might later grow black.

Then he opened the cottage door and walked into the room where Margaret sat, her head resting upon her outstretched arms.

While one could count twenty he stood and looked down at her, then he said, in a low voice:

"Miss Margaret!"

She did not start, but raised her head and looked at him, and a shudder seemed to convulse her whole frame.

"You here?" she said, scarcely audible.

He inclined his head with a sorrowful gesture.

"Yes, I am here. I have come to see if by any chance I can be of assistance to you."

"Then—then you have heard it?" she panted.

He dropped his eyes and sighed.

"Tell me," she cried, catching at his arm and holding it with a grasp of steel, "tell me the truth! Is what she said—this woman!—is it true?"

He waited a moment.

"It is true, alas!" he said.

Margaret's hand fell from his arm, and she shrank back.

"I only learnt it just now," he said, as if in explanation. "Early this morning, Lady Leyton—I beg your pardon but I fear it is her legal title—met me at the station, and recognizing me as a friend of Blair's, told me her story."

Margaret hid her face in her hands.

"She has been here, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes," she breathed.

He sighed.

"I feared so! I wish that I could have reached you and broken it to you before she came, but I wanted to learn if her story was true, and I telegraphed to the clerk of the church at which she said she was married."

He paused to see if Margaret was fully realizing his words, then went on, slowly and impressively:

"I received an answer promptly. They were married at St. Jude's on the twelfth of March."

Margaret remained motionless.

"But I need not have taken this precaution, for I met the one person who could set all doubt at rest."

She looked up and fixed her eyes upon him.

"I met Blair, and taxed him with his fiendish villainy, and——"

Margaret caught her breath.

"He confessed it!" he said.

She uttered a low cry and cowered against the back of the chair.

"I think I could have killed him on the spot," he went on. "He has played the part of a heartless scoundrel! Miss Margaret, do you remember how he started when I remarked how easy it would be for a man to commit bigamy at Sefton?"

The incident flashed back upon Margaret's memory, and she groaned.

"If I had only known what that start of his meant!" murmured Austin. "Yes, he confessed the crime! He sent you a message by me——"

She looked up and put up her hand.

"Do not tell me! Do not mention his name again!" she cried hoarsely.

"I must tell you," he said gently; "I promised! He implored your forgiveness! Reparation, he knows, is impossible; not even the remorse, which will haunt him as long as his life lasts, can invent any way of undoing the wrong he has wrought you! He consigned you to my care, Miss Margaret, and I have undertaken readily—yes, very readily—to see that your future is not further darkened ny want."

Margaret rose and clutched the table.

"You—you offer me money; you, too! And his money!" she panted.

Austin hung his head and sighed.

"You will let me be your friend?" he pleaded, in a soft voice.

Margaret pushed the hair from her white forehead.

"No!" she said; "I have no friend! I am alone in all the world! Tell him—yes, tell him that I would not touch a penny of his if it were to save my life! Tell him that he has killed my heart and soul, but while there is life still left in my body, I will use it to crawl as far from him as I can! Tell him"—she broke down for a moment—"tell him that I forgive him, but that if he ever again sends me such a message as you have brought, the love through which he wronged and ruined me will turn to hate!"

"You are right!" he murmured. "But what will you do?" he asked, looking at her with anxious intentness.

Margaret moaned.

"Ah! what will I do?" she sobbed hoarsely. "Heaven knows! there is only one thing I can do, to creep away into some place where none may find me, and die!"

If Mr. Ambrose had possessed that extremely awkward organ, a heart, he would—he must—have been touched by the sight of the misery and anguish of this innocent girl, whose happiness he had so carefully and skilfully plotted against; but if there was any heart in Austin's bosom, it existed there simply for physiological reasons, and not for those of sentiment.

"I think you must let me be your friend! I can quite understand your suffering," he said, in a low voice, and keeping his eyes on the carpet, "and I think your desire to get away from here, to get beyond the possibility of ever meeting with Blair, a natural one. If you will let me I will help you. You would wish to go at once, I suppose?"

Margaret did not answer him, she was scarcely conscious of what he said. He waited a moment or two, then he said slowly and distinctly:

"I think that the best thing I can do, Miss Margaret, is to leave you for a short time. The blow has been an overwhelming one; in very truth it has confused and bewildered me; and standing here, a friend of the villain who has wronged you—alas! the friend who did all he could in all innocence to bring about the ceremony—I feel as if I were a sharer in his guilt."

Margaret tried to murmur "No," but the word would not come.

"I think it will be better if I leave you for an hour or two; I will come back in the evening, after having made all arrangements, and if you will be so gracious as to entrust yourself to my hands as far as the station, I honestly think you will find the journey made easier for you."

She tried to thank him, but she was not capable of doing more than incline her head, and with hushed steps—as if there were death in the house—Austin went out of the room and down the path.

An hour passed and still Margaret sat looking out upon the sea. Gradually and slowly she was forcing herself to realize what this awful thing was that had happened to her.

What was it that seemed to have laid an icy heart hand upon her heart and freeze it? Blair was not dead? No! It was not that. It was worse if it were possible. Blair had tricked and deceived her with the vulgar cruelty of a common scoundrel. Hard to realize, and yet it came home to her at last.

Blair, whom she had thought the noblest of mankind, whom she had loved with the intensity of which only such women are capable, had deliberately betrayed and ruined her; had committed a crime which degraded him to the rank of the basest felon in the land.

Blair, Viscount Leyton, the heir to the earldom of Ferrers, had deliberately gone through the ceremony of marriage with her, knowing that his lawful wife, whom he had deserted, was still alive. He had committed bigamy!

With a low, heart-rending moan she threw herself upon the floor and, grasping her hair in both her white hands, hid her face—crushed with shame and the torture of a broken heart.

She lay thus prostrate in her anguish for some time, then she rose and staggered upstairs. A sudden thought had smitten her.

Blair might come back—it might be that he still loved her! Was it not love that had tempted him to work her ruin? He might still love her passionately enough to come back and try to force her to remain with him. Or the woman—his wife!—she might hear what he had done, and in a fit of revenge drag her, Margaret, into a court to give evidence against him and convict him!

She must fly! She did not think of Austin's offer of assistance; or if she had thought of it, she would not have remained for him to return.

To get away at once, to fly to some place where no one knew her, or could get to know about it; that was her instinctive desire.

She bathed her face until the fearful aching of the burning eyes was lessened, and tried to pack a small bag with the articles that were absolutely necessary, taking care that nothing but that which had belonged to her went into the bag.

One by one she stripped off her rings—until she came to the wedding one—and placed them, together with the bracelets, chains and trinkets Blair had given her, on the dressing table. The plain band of gold, inconsistent as it may seem, she allowed to remain on her finger. Then she changed her dress for the plain travelling costume in which she had been married.

In doing so, she saw the locket—Blair's first gift! With trembling hands she began to untie the ribbon, then she faltered. She had promised him that she would not part with this.

Surely she could keep this to remind her of a time when she first tasted happiness, the time when she had thought him all that was true and noble.

The temptation to keep these two things that should seem as links between her and the past, so bitter, and yet so sweet—proved too strong, and she let the locket fall into its place again over her heart.

The warm glow of evening was over the landscape by the time her simple preparations for flight were made, and drawing her veil on her pale and haggard face, she stole down the stairs.

In the narrow passage stood Mrs. Day.

"Are you going out, ma'am?" she said.

Margaret moistened her lips and tried to answer carelessly—

"Yes, Mrs. Day."

"I don't think you ought to go far, ma'am," she said; "we are going to have a storm. Will you take an umbrella or your macintosh?" and she looked towards the west, where a great bank of clouds seemed to rise from the horizon as if about to swallow the sun in its inky mass.

"I will take my macintosh," said Margaret.

Mrs. Day took it off the stand and folded it for her.

"I hope Mr. Stanley will be back before the storm breaks," she said. "You won't go far, ma'am?" she added wistfully.

"No, not far," said poor Margaret.

She took the macintosh on her arm and walked out and down the path. Then suddenly she heard the sound of a sob, and looking back, saw Mrs. Day with her hand to her face.

Even in that hour of her supreme anguish, Margaret's gentle heart could beat in sympathy with another's sorrow, and she went back.

"What is the matter?" she asked her, hoarsely.

Mrs. Day forced a smile, but her eyes were full of tears.

"It's no—nothing much ma'am," she said. I beg your pardon for distressing you, but—but the boat hasn't come back yet," and she looked beyond Margaret to the angry sea.

"Oh, I hope it will be all right," Margaret faltered. "Do not be anxious, it will be back before the storm."

She could not trust herself to say any more, and turning walked quickly away down the path.

She felt tired, but she reached the bottom by the aid of the handrail, and went towards the station. Then suddenly she remembered that she had forgotten her purse!"

She had a few pounds in gold and a little silver in her pocket, but the purse containing the bank-notes given to her by the earl, she had left in a drawer at the cottage.

She stood, aghast and trembling. To go back she felt was impossible; and yet, what should she do? How could she accomplish her flight and hope to hide herself without money?

While she stood holding on to the edge of a boat for support, two or three fishermen looked at her curiously and she turned away to avoid them, and walked in the direction of the sea.

To go back seemed more than her mental and her physical strength would permit. Besides, perhaps by this time Blair, or Austin Ambrose, or—and she shuddered—the woman, the wife, would have then returned!

No, she could not go back to the cottage! And yet she could not retrace her steps to the station, but kept on to the sea.

After a few minutes the dull roar of the rising tide seemed to exercise a fascination over her; and presently she felt no desire to reach the station, only a great longing to be alone by the side of the vast ocean whose solemn measured beat seemed like an awful voice calling her.

She reached the foot of the rock, towards which the fisherman had pointed when he told her of the accident that had happened to the man and woman two years ago.

The tide had not touched it yet, and painfully she clutched its rugged surface up which a few hours ago she could have sprung easily.

At the top she sank down exhausted, her face towards the sea, her eyes fixed on the bank of clouds, that like the giant in the Eastern fable, who escaped from the open bottle, had expanded and grown into a huge mass, which had engulfed the sun, and threatened, as it seemed, to swallow the whole sky.

How long she lay there, hidden from the sight of the village, motionless and almost lifeless, she knew not, but suddenly she heard the lap, lap of water below her, and looking down saw that the tide had crept round the rock, and was gradually but swiftly rising.

She regarded its sullen approach with heavy, listless eyes. All power of thought, much less appreciation of her peril, had deserted her. The sound of the waves, the dull booming of the wind fell upon her ear almost soothingly.

It was something to be alone, where none others would reach her. Alone with the misery, which no human being could lessen for her, or help her to bear.

The day seemed to close and night to fall; the storm-clouds were right over her, and enveloped the earth as with a pall.

Suddenly the darkness was broken by a vivid flash of lightning, and the thunder roared and seemed to shake the rock on which she lay. At the same moment she felt her right foot grow suddenly cold, and looking down saw that the tide had reached and covered it.

Then, for the first time, she awoke from her stupor and realized that she and Death were face to face.

With that instinct of self-preservation, that shrinking from the horror of death, which comes to even the most miserable, she sprang to her feet and crawled to the highest point of rock, and looked wildly round.

She had been cold the moment before, but now she seemed suffocating with an awful heat. With trembling hands she tore off her hat and waved it—Heaven knows with what desperate idea of attracting attention!—but the wind seized it and tore it from her hand.

A moment afterwards she felt the water lapping at her feet, and with an awful voice she called upon—Blair!

As if in answer to her appeal, the lightning shot out from the black sky and revealed her form as if carved in bronze on the top of the rock. The next moment she heard a man's voice, and a boat seemed to rise from the depths of the sea at her feet.

A lantern flashed in the darkness, and by its flickering gleams she saw a man rowing in the boat, and a woman crouching in the stern.

It was Day and his wife.

The woman screamed and pointed.

"There—there she is! For Heaven's sake be quick! Spring, Mrs. Stanley, spring! Oh!"—and she moaned—"be quick!"

But, half-mad with the insanity of mental and physical torture, Margaret drew back.

"No!" she cried. "I will not go! You shall not take me back to them!"

"Quick!" roared Day, with an oath, "or you will be too late! Here, hold the lantern, Jane! Hold it high!"

His wife seized the lantern and threw its rays upon Margaret's wild white face. The boat driven by the tide, struck against the rock, and Day grapling with his boat hook, sprang on to it. For a moment or two there was a struggle between the weak exhausted woman and the strong mariner. It lasted only a minute or two; then he lifted her bodily, and as gently as possible put her in the boat.

Springing in after her he seized the oars and began rowing ashore.

For a minute or two Margaret laid motionless, panting heavily, then she got on her knees and flung herself at Mrs. Day's feet, clinging to the woman's dress.

"Have pity on me," she moaned; "don't take me back! I'll go anywhere else. I will do anything—but don't take me back to him! Oh, listen to me! You don't know how cruelly he has wronged me! I cannot go back! Stop—" and she seized one of the oars. "You shall stop!"

Day stopped rowing confused and bewildered.

"Is—is she mad?" he roared hoarsely at his wife.

Mrs. Day, white and trembling, threw her arms aronud Margaret and got her clear of the oars so that he could row.

"Oh, my dear what is it? What has happened? Did you know that you had been nearly drowned? If I had not seen you and caught the boat just as it was coming to land—quick, James, quick!"

"No! no!" said Margaret. "Not back! I will not go back!" and she tried to free herself from the woman's grasp and throw herself into the sea.

"The poor lady's gone out of her mind!" said Day pitingly. "Hold her Jane, for Heaven's sake."

"Yes, yes!" panted Mrs. Day. "You row as hard as you can. I will hold her, poor dear! Oh, James, what can have happened? And she so happy a few hours agone!"

Day bent to the oars. Margaret had ceased to struggle, but Mrs. Day did not relax her grasp. The boat forced its way nearer the shore.

Suddenly there rang out a sharp report, and a flash of fire darted from the beach. Day uttered a cry and stopped rowing as if he had been shot, and Mrs. Day crouched still lower in the boat.

"It's the coastguard!" he said, bending forward and lowering his voice, though no one but the two women could have heard him. "It's the revenue men and I have got the things aboard!"

There was silence for a moment; then Mrs. Day spoke.

"You must go to shore, James!" she said, with the calmness of despair. "If we were alone——" she stopped and looked at the prostrate figure at the bottom of the boat.

"Go ashore!" he responded with an oath. "What? and them waiting for me? I tell you I've got the stuff on board! It's ruin, blank ruin!"

Silence again. The wind howled and the boat tossed like a walnut shell on the black billows.

"Oh, James, think of her, of the poor demented creature!" sobbed Mrs. Day.

"Think of her!" Yes, that be right enough; but I must think of thee, lass, and the bairns as well! I tell 'ee, it means ruin! As well row into goal's gate as to go ashore to them wolves! No! I'm sorry Jane. I'm main sorry, but I can't do it—for your sake!"

There was that tone in the man's voice which quiets even the strongest and most determined of women, and his wife sank back and resigned herself.

The boat swung around, and Day, setting his teeth, pulled for the open sea.

"We'll never reach the schooner!" panted Mrs. Day hoarsely.

"I'll risk it," he responded grimly. "Better trust ourselves to the open all night than run into the midst of the sharks there," and he nodded towards shore.

"And this poor lady?"

He glanced at Margaret,

"Well, I'm but doing her bidding beant I?" he retorted. "Didn't she pray and beseech me not too take her back? There be easy. I've no breath for chattering woman. Keep the lantern dark and steer her straight out."

As he spoke there came another flash from the shore, and a rocket sped upwards to the black sky.

Day uttered a grim exclamation of satisfaction.

"The fools!" he ground out; "they've showed me the way! The schooner lies due north of the Customs, where that rocket started from! Keep her straight, lass, and we'll slip 'em yet. They won't risk their boat out—it's worse near the beach than it be here, clear of the rocks. Sit still and fear nought!"

With the cool courage belonging to his class, he pulled steadily on, his wife at the tiller—for Margaret lay motionless and inert enough now—and peering into the darkness.

Suddenly she uttered a cry.

"The schooner, James! I saw her light for a moment!"

"Aye," he responded coolly; "she's heard the gun and seen the rocket, and thinks we may be harking back. Show a glim of the lantern towards her, but keep it from the shore."

Cautiously Mrs. Day raised the lantern, with its light side towards the vessel, and an instant afterwards a faint light appeared and then went out.

Day laughed cheerily.

"She sees us, lass. Keep up thee heart; it's all right. I've give them chaps the slip once more!"

"Yes, once more!" she responded, with a groan; "but some day or other——"

"Tut, tut! thee'st lost thee nerve, Jane," he broke in curtly.

She sank back with a heavy sigh and said no more.

Presently they saw the light again, this time close upon their bow, and in a few minutes the boat grated against the side of the schooner.

"Is that you, James?" inquired a voice.

Day answered in the affirmative.

"Yes; worse luck. Let the rope down the other side away from the shore; you can show a light then. I've got womenfolk aboard."

He pulled round to the larboard, and the lantern showed a rope ladder.

"Lend a hand here," he said; and he raised Margaret.

The man on board uttered an exclamation.

"Sakes a-mercy, James, what have you got there?" he demanded.

"It's my cousin," said Mrs. Day, before her husband could answer.

"Oh, and it's you, too, Mrs. Day, is it?" said the captain, in a tone of surprise. "Well, it's a rare night for ladies to be out in! And your cousin! Bless my soul, but she's swooned!"

Between them they got Margaret on deck, and Mrs. Day had her carried down to the cabin, and then, asking for some brandy, locked the door on the men.

It was sometime before Margaret recovered consciousness, and for some minutes she looked round with a listless indifference that was worse almost than the swoon from which she has roused.

At last she asked the inevitable question, "Where am I?"

"Here with me, dear lady," replied Mrs. Day, beginning to cry for the first time, "and Heaven be thanked that you are not lying dead in Appleford sands!"

Margaret drew a long sigh.

"I—I thought I had died," she moaned, and turning her face to the wall, said no more.

Mrs. Day sat down beside her, praying that she might sleep, for she knew that it was her only chance; and after a time Margaret fell into that stupor of exhaustion which is the nearest approach to nature's great restorer.

Presently there came a knock at the door, and opening it, Mrs. Day found her husband outside.

"How is she?" he asked.

"Better, poor soul," she replied.

"Well," he said, "you'd better come on deck. The captain's upset about this, and has been asking me questions about 'un."

"And what did you say?" she demanded anxiously.

"Well," he retorted, with a grim smile, "seeing as you have started the game, I thought as how you'd better continue it, so I left 'em to you."

She stood for a moment thinking deeply, then followed him on deck.

The schooner was scudding along at a pace that put all danger from pursuit out of the question; but the captain who was leaning against the bulwarks smoking a pipe, did not look at all comfortable or amiable.

"Well, Mrs. Day," he began at once, "what's this yarn about your cousin? I'm fond of your sex enough, but I like 'em best on shore. Who is she, and what is she doing out in the boat?"

"She's my cousin, Captain Daniel," said Mrs. Day promptly, "and she's in trouble. I don't know as I ought to tell you the story, but seeing that we've brought her on board——"

"Just so, and that's what I object to," he said gruffly. "It's work enough to take the trade quiet and snug, as it is, but with a woman aboard that nobody knows anything about——" and he puffed at his pipe significantly.

"You can trust her," said Mrs. Day. "There is no fear of her splitting, Captain Daniel."

"Oh, you think she'll die?" he said, looking mightily relieved.

"No, no! There are reasons why she should keep her own counsel, though she is a woman. You wait until morning, captain, and you'll see whether she's to be trusted or not."

She spoke with such a confident air that he relaxed a little.

"Well, you and yours are in the same boat, remember, Mrs. Day, and if harm come to us, your James will share it! Don't forget that."

"I do not forget it, captain," she responded.

"Very well," he said. "I'll leave it to you. Make the poor soul as comfortable as possible. The 'Rose of Devon' wasn't chartered to carry lady passengers, but we'll do the best we can. You find some extra bedclothes, and that like, in my cabin; and I'll see to your supper by the time you're ready. As to liquor—" he grinned—"well I daresay we could find a glass or two of that!"

"I daresay!" said Mrs. Day with an answering smile, and she hurried back to the cabin and to Margaret.

CHAPTER XIX.

BLAIR rode on towards Ilfracombe, his cigar between his teeth, his handsome face wearing its best and brightest look. He was, as he would have expressed it, as happy as a sandboy; and the only thing that could have increased his happiness would have been to have had Margaret with him.

It would be an exaggeration to say that he thought of nothing else but her as he rode along; but it is true that she was present in his thoughts nearly all the time, and that as he looked seaward, where the green water lay like an opal, or inland, where the yellow cornfields glittered like gold across the blue sky, he thought how much she would have admired it, and how her artist soul would revel in its beauty.

After riding for some time he saw a couple of men lying by the roadside. They were fishermen from Appleford, who had, perhaps, been to Ilfracombe, and were resting.

"I'm right for Ilfracombe, I suppose?" said Blair.

The men touched their hats.

"Yes sir, you're right," said one; "but you have come a long away around. You should have cut across the cliff by the narrow lane through Lee."

"Eh?" said Blair, standing in his stirrups and looking around about him.

The man got up, shaded his eyes, and pointed to the place indicated.

"That's the way, it's but a bit of a lane, but it saves a mile or more."

"Thanks!" said Blair. "I'll remember it and come back that way."

As he spoke, a man who had been climbing the hill behind Blair and the two fishermen, came suddenly, as it were, upon them. He stopped short, and in an adept fashion, sunk easily to the ground, where he laid and listened.

"Yes, I understand," said Blair; "nice day, isn't it. You fellows have a cigar?"

A fisherman may be a teetotaller, but he will always smoke.

Blair took out his cigar case; there were just two cigars left, and he gave them to the men.

"Beau't we robbing you, sir?" said one of the men, rather shyly, offering the case back, but Blair pushed it towards them.

"Plenty more in 'Combe," he said, with a smile, "and this will last me some time."

Then he rode on, having made, by a few pleasant words and two cigars, two friends who would have risked their lives on his behalf.

He reached 'Combe at last, the colt having settled down to a steady pace, and putting him up at the hotel stables, he went into the town to buy Margaret's things, even before he had his lunch.

There was a very good artists' colorman, and he displayed a selection of portable easels and canvases and colors which bewildered Blair.

"Look here," he said, at last; "you know the sort of thing a lady wants, don't you know. Just put up as much as I can carry on horseback, and send the rest to this address."

This being the kind of order a shopkeeper's heart delighteth in, the man beamed, and soon had a very bulky looking heap collected in the middle of the shop.

"All right," said Blair; "sure you have got everything?"

The man, after vainly endeavoring to think of some other useless articles, said rather grudgingly, "Yes."

"Very well, then. What's the damage? I'll put the paint boxes in my pockets, and I can tie a small parcel of other things to the saddle, and the rest you can send on; but mind, I want them sent at once! You people down here are rather slow sometimes. I can't have this lady kept waiting."

He gave the address, paid the bill, which did not in the least astonish him, though our friend had charged about fifty per cent. above his usual prices—and afterwards almost wept because he hadn't stuck on double!—and then went to the hotel and had his lunch.

He made a very hearty meal, for Blair, in love or trouble, being as strong as a lion and always on the move, was a capital trencherman, and then went over to look at the town.

He was in the humor to be pleased with anything, and the place with its picturesque coast scenery and general air of brisk cheerfulness, just suited him.

"I'll bring Madge here, by George!" he said to himself. "She'll be delighted with it."

To give her some idea of the place he bought a dozen or two photographs and stuffed them in his pockets; then he saw a trinket cleverly made of the tiniest shells set in silver, and he bought that.

He would have bought a great many things—all the town, perhaps—but his pockets were getting bulgy, and with a laugh he thought that the colt would break down under the weight of the presents.

Some little time he spent sitting on a seat on the walk round the Capstan Hill, and would have stayed longer, but suddenly there came round the corner a figure he knew.

It was that of Colonel Floyd. Blair, forgetting that he was supposed to be on the continent, was just jumping up to greet him with a hearty "Hallo, old man!" when he remembered himself, and catching up a paper got behind it. The colonel lounged past in his languid *nil admirari* fashion and passed out of sight.

Blair let the paper fall, and for the first time that morning his face grew clouded.

"Confound all this mystery and concealment!" he muttered impatiently. "By George! I'll have no more of it! I hate this skulking about like a bank clerk who has bolted with the till and is dodging the detectives. I'll have no more of it! I'll take Madge to the earl next week and make a clean breast of it. Even he can't be such a savage as not to melt at that smile of hers."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR GIRLS.—Much has been said in regard to the training and education of our boys, but very little on the subject of our girls. When a boy reaches the years of manhood, he is given the choice of some trade or profession. Not so with our girls; they are immediately launched into society when they reach the age of womanhood, and she who fails to secure an "eligible match" drifts into a confirmed spinster, and becomes utterly dependent on some relative, or that most indulgent of relatives, a rich papa.

And why not give our girls a trade or profession? Why not teach them that grand lesson of life, work and independence? Life is a wheel of fortune. The dainty daughters of fashion may one day change places with the tired daughters of toil. Wealth, fame and fortune may fade like a summer dream. Mothers, do not be proud of your daughters' snowy hands; give them a chance to help themselves; let them make their own garments instead of sending them to the fashionable dressmaker.

There is plenty of work that can only be done by a woman's hand. Are we going to let our sex drift into helpless dependence? Are we always to look to the lords of creation for our support? No—emphatically no! Teach the girls to work, to rely upon themselves, and we shall find that in the place of languid, idle daughters of wealth fond mothers, true wives, whole-souled women will spring from our girls. You dear kind papas, remember that fortune is capricious; you may yet become a pauper. Then teach your daughters to become workers, that they may each say before the world, "I am independent; and have become so by my own exertions." M. S.

Bric-a-Brac.

A SNAIL'S PACE.—A snail's pace need not be used any longer as a term more or less indefinite. By an interesting experiment it has been ascertained exactly and reduced to figures, which may now be quoted by persons who favor the use of the exact terms. A half-dozen of the molluska were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart, and the average pace was ascertained. From this it was easy enough to calculate that one snail can crawl a mile in just fourteen days.

SMITH.—The exceptional prevalence of this surname in America, England and Germany, is accounted for that in the days when every noble warrior wore mail-armor the smith was the most honored of handicraftsmen, for on his fidelity and competency depended the life of the combatant in battle or tourney. Hence every one was proud to place on the record his relation to the noble craft. "By hammer and hand all arts do stand." Of course Smithson, Smithers, etc., have the same industrial origin.

MONKEYS AND MEN.—It is not complimentary to men that monkeys should be set to do their work and should be found to do it better. A Rio Janeiro newspaper is responsible for the statement that this is being done in Brazil. The story is that upon a large hemp farm in that country 20 large monkeys have been trained to cut the hemp and prepare it for market. They are said to be much better operators than the negroes, for they work more rapidly and do not skulk. Moreover the cost of feeding the monkeys is very small. Lord Lytton imagined a condition of society in which all manual work was performed by automata; and the substitution of monkeys for harvesters, is, perhaps the first step towards the realization of that fantastic conception.

THE ITALIC LETTER.—The invention of what is now called the *Italic* letter in printing was made by Aldus Manutius, an Italian printer, to whom learning owes much. He observed the many inconveniences resulting from the vast number of abbreviations which were then so frequent among the printers, that a book was difficult to understand; a treatise was actually written on the art of reading a printed book and this addressed to the learned! He contrived an expedient by which these abbreviations might be entirely got rid of, and yet books suffer little increase in bulk. This he effected by introducing what is now called the *Italic* letter, though it was once distinguished by the name of the inventor, and called the *Aldine*.

THE WILL.—A curious article has appeared in one of the organs of Theosophists, in which the world is informed what is really the secret of the elixir of life. According to the inspired writer in this organ, a human being dies only when his will ceases to be strong enough to keep him alive. Therefore the first essential to long life is a strong will and a determination not to die whatever happens. But beyond that much more is necessary. Every animal desire—even the inclination to eat and drink—must be gradually mastered until at length the living man becomes etherealized. The critical moment in the existence of a person who seeks to live several centuries is the period when in the ordinary course of nature, other men die, since every man has an inevitable tendency to repeat the actions of his ancestors. The fewer the "gross and fleshy molecules" in the man's being the better his chance of turning the awkward corner. That once achieved he is safe.

THE CORSET.—The corset can be traced back to the twelfth century. A caricaturist of those days represented the devil as a fashionable lady, making the corset conspicuous by putting it on the outside of his clothes. Mediæval romances drip with the allusions to the small waists of the ladies, who according to the ideal of the day, must have "gentyll bodies and middles small." Classic waists were never small. To-day, among some of the more intellectual women, there is a tendency to return to the "big classic waist" and abjure the corsets altogether. Poets are to blame for keeping up the interest in slim waists. Girdles were conspicuous adjuncts to the toilets of the Middle Ages, and were often made of the costliest materials. Gold and precious stones ornamented them when they belonged to persons of high rank. The form of the girdle indicated the subjugation of women. If it encircled the waist and had a piece depending therefrom, it signified that the wearer was bound to a man who had the right to lead her about at will.

A DEED AND A WORD.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.

He walked it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Has cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

A germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

For Love or Duty.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS MONEY AND HIS LOVE," "DOLLY'S DISAPPOINTMENT," "KING OR PRINCE?" ETC., ETC."

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

"AH, I suppose that honor is so very rare that he makes the most of it when it is bestowed upon him!" Sir Evelyn answers, with a laugh.

"He always took to you," remarks Edith sweetly, ignoring the rebuff conveyed in his last sentence; but Juliet, like a culprit at the bar, weighs every word and watches every look.

He tells a different story from Edith, that is certain.

"Well, it is time I was going," Edith continues presently, but without rising from her chair. "How soon are you coming to see me, Juliet?"—turning to her cousin.

"I cannot allow her to go out in this cold weather," he interposes.

"Oh, it would not hurt her!" says Edith lightly. "I daresay it would brace her up."

"You must allow me to differ with you on that point," he rejoins.

"Fancy me out in this bitter wind," she goes on, "and Juliet kept indoors!"—laughing half contemptuously. "Why, she was always as strong as a horse!"

"Nevertheless, I cannot allow it," he repeats firmly, putting aside all discussion of the subject; and Edith feels in some vague way that she has lost ground, though how she cannot exactly tell.

"But she will be very pleased to see you whenever you can come," he adds, after a short pause.

"Yes," supplements Juliet, with an effort to be cordial. "Come to dinner to-morrow, won't you? We are very quiet now that Burnet and Cecily have gone, but if you do not mind——"

"Oh, I shall be delighted!" interrupts Edith. "You have no idea what I suffer from loneliness. Your dulness can be nothing to mine. I am devoured with ennui."

"I did not say I was dull," returns Juliet with dignity; and then, feeling that her husband's eyes are upon her face, she colors and turns away, while Edith looks sharply from one to the other, wondering what may be the meaning of that very curious blush. Not succeeding in gaining much from either countenance, she creates a diversion by inquiring whether Sir Evelyn is going to Compton that day.

"Yes; I have an appointment with Mr. Lewes at one o'clock," he says, looking at his watch. "We are going to Bailey's about the lease. Plenty of time yet."

"Oh, then, I can take you back in the carriage with me!" she says readily. "It will be pleasanter than going on horseback on such a day as this."

"Thank you," he replies a little stiffly, "but I had made up my mind to walk the distance this morning. It is not far, and I should be very sorry to inconvenience you——"

"It will not inconvenience me; there is plenty of room in the carriage. Indeed, you must not walk, Sir Evelyn. The wind is full in one's face all the way."

He laughs a short sarcastic laugh.

"That would make no difference to me," he says; "but, since you are kind enough to be pressing, Mrs. Blakey, I will avail myself of your offer."

Edith rises quickly enough then with an air of satisfaction, and makes her adieux to her cousin.

"I will come early to-morrow," she says in a confidential manner that calls forth Juliet's secret resentment; "and then we can have one of our nice long talks."

She leaves the room with Lovelace, looking back with a smile at her cousin, who returns it very coldly, and then goes to the window and looks at her husband putting Edith into her carriage.

With miserable jealous eyes she watches each little commonplace attention on his part, and magnifies it a thousandfold.

Neither of them looks up as she stands there—neither of them seems to remember the lonely wife gazing out of the window. They settle themselves comfortably among the furs and rugs, and drive away out of sight.

All the old despair comes over Juliet as she turns sadly away and seats herself by the fire.

It is burning low, but she does not trouble herself to ring for coals. She feels nothing, knows nothing, but that her husband has just gone away with the woman whom he loves, and who loves him, with never a look or a thought for her—his wife.

He does not return until she is dressed for dinner, and sitting in the drawing-room with a book.

"I shall just have time to dress," he says, looking into the room on his way upstairs. "I lunched at Compton."

"Of course," she returns coldly.

"Why of course?" he demands, glancing at her in some surprise.

"That you must answer for yourself. I should think you ought to know."

In her jealous and angry mood she takes a malicious delight in rousing his displeasure.

"I do not know what you mean," he says coldly.

"I am sorry to be so inexplicable," she retorts.

He turns on his heel then and leaves the room, and when he comes downstairs again he is not in a very good temper, as she quickly discovers.

When dessert is set upon the table, and they are left alone, he speaks for the first time.

"I met Lady Carstairs to-day when I was out. She has just returned from Paris, and was very much surprised to hear of your illness. She is coming to see you to-morrow morning."

"Ah! A great pity to waste her time," Juliet answers carelessly. "I shall be engaged. Little Randal is to come up to-morrow morning, and he will want all my attention."

"As if he need prevent you from seeing her!" he answers contemptuously.

"He is a very welcome and honored visitor: I cannot put him aside for anybody," she says.

"Pshaw! A baby! You will have to see her, Juliet."

"I shall do as I like!" she retorts. "Pray where will you be, that you cannot do the honors of your house?"

"It is you—not me—whom she is coming to see; you speak like an unreasonable child," he rejoins. "Besides, I shall be at Compton then," he adds, steadily meeting the fire of her angry blue eyes.

"Oh, I might have known that!" she replies sarcastically.

"I do not think the boy will be able to come to see you to-morrow," he continues, unusually forbearing on account of her weakness. "He was ailing and fretful when I left this afternoon, and they think he is sickening for something, I believe, so that it is not likely there will be any hindrance to your seeing Lady Carstairs."

"If Randal is going to be ill I must go and see him to-morrow morning," she persists wilfully.

"No, you must not."

"But I must—if he is ill."

"You will not go outside this house without my leave," he returns.

Juliet looks coolly for one instant into his wrathful eyes, and then rises and sweeps out of the room in silence.

Presently he hears her playing the piano and singing snatches of gay little songs; and, when her new strength is exhausted, which is very quickly, she makes a great pretence of reading and working, which she keeps up until past ten o'clock; but Lovelace does not go into the drawing-room again that evening.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next morning, before Juliet has finished dressing, her maid brings her a note which has just arrived from Compton. She opens it hurriedly, half guessing the contents, and reads—

"Dear Juliet—Do come at once if you possibly can. Randal has got the croup, and has been so ill all night; I believe Doctor Abbott fears the worst, but he will not say. I have not been to bed at all, and am perfectly exhausted.

"EDITH."

"Where is Sir Evelyn?" inquires Juliet, looking up from the note with a set purpose in her eyes.

"He went to Price's farm, my lady. He told Mitchell he should be back in time for breakfast."

"I believe I hear him now. Make haste, Sims."

The maid is astonished at her mistress's unusual eagerness to meet her husband, and when, scarcely allowing her to complete her duties, Juliet leaves the room, and almost runs downstairs, she stands gazing after her in amazement.

Entering the breakfast-room with more haste than dignity, Juliet nearly runs up against her husband, who is standing by the table with a newspaper in his hand.

One look at his face sobers her a little. That he has not forgotten their somewhat stormy interview of the previous evening is very evident in his moody brow and resentful dark eyes.

She need expect no favor at his hands—she can see that at a glance. If he lets her go, it will be because Edith needs her—not because she herself asks him.

He does not bid her good-morning; nor, indeed, does she give him time. Perhaps, in her hurry she is a little unwise.

"I have just had this from Compton," she says eagerly, handing him the note. "Randal has got the croup, and they fear he will not live."

He reads it through leisurely, and lays it down upon the table beside him.

"Well?" she demands breathlessly, finding he does not speak.

"Well?" he returns coolly.

"You won't mind my going, now the dear little fellow is so ill, and Edith is in such trouble?"

"I should mind very much indeed."

"Edith is no nurse, you know," she pleads, keeping her impatience under strong control.

"Neither will you be, for the present."

"Oh, what does it matter about me?" she says bitterly.

"It matters this—that I say you are not to go."

"And I say I will!" she retorts passionately.

"Let me see you dare to disobey me!" he returns, with a sudden menace in his eye that makes Juliet's blood boil.

But in the midst of her wrath she has still common sense enough left not to announce her intention—instantly formed in her mind after his last speech—of taking him at his word. She would never have a chance of carrying it out, she is well aware.

She turns and goes out of the room and up-stairs to her own apartments, while Lovelace sits down to his breakfast, considering the matter settled.

He has always been accustomed to command, and forthwith to be obeyed; it does not occur to him at the present time that a young, weak girl—however impatient of control—will be the first to set his authority at defiance.

An hour afterwards Lady Lovelace again inquires as to her husband's whereabouts, and hears from her maid that he has started to go round the place, as he is in the habit of doing, the first thing after breakfast.

"Very well. Now order the carriage for me, and then come back to help me to dress."

The maid obeys in some surprise, being well aware that her mistress is not yet considered strong enough to brave the weather, and when she returns she ventures to offer a faint protest.

"The wind is bitter, my lady," she remarks, as she fastens her mistress's fur cloak; "it cuts one through like a knife. I hope it won't do you any harm, my lady."

"You don't understand, Sims—this is urgent. The fact is, the baby is very ill, and should he not be better soon, I may be detained several days. If so, I shall want some things, of course, but I will send you orders."

"Hadn't I better come with you, my lady? You need taking care of still," Sims ventures to remind her mistress.

"Not now; but if I stay over night I may send for you—though not to take care of me, Sims"—with a weary smile. "I think I am strong enough to take care of myself now."

Sims bundles her up well before she lets her go.

"Tell Sir Evelyn, when he returns, that I have gone to Compton," is her parting injunction as she gets into the carriage.

Arrived at the house, she meets with very grave faces as the servants come and go with hushed voices and noiseless footsteps. They can give her no good news of "little master Randal."

Juliet goes straight upstairs to the nursery, where, to her astonishment, she finds only Jane, one of the housemaids, by the sick-bed of the little boy.

Juliet is told that the doctor had to go away for a short time; but that he will return as soon as he can; that the child's own nurse went home late the previous night to her dying mother; that Mrs. Blakey has gone to lie down for an hour or two—she was tired out—and her maid is with her.

Juliet has little to say in answer to this, but she immediately installs herself as head-nurse, and dismisses the housemaid to her duties.

Once, when she thinks he is much worse, she sends for Edith, but Prescott comes to say that her mistress is in a sound sleep, and is she to wake her? Her mistress told her never to wake her on any account—she got so little sleep.

"Yes, wake her," says Juliet pitifully; and a few minutes afterwards Edith comes into the room in a profusely-embroidered dressing-gown of pale blue cashmere, her beautiful golden hair in becoming disorder, and an elegant scent-bottle held to her nose with one delicate white hand.

"Is my dear boy worse?" she cries hysterically. "Oh, Juliet, what am I to do?"

"You can do nothing, I am afraid," Juliet returns gravely. "I only thought if——"

She stops, out of consideration for her cousin's weakness.

"Oh, Juliet, you don't mean to say that he is dying! Oh, don't be so cruel! My child!"

"I don't mean to say anything about it," Juliet answers, as gently as she can; "but he is worse just now, and I thought you ought to be here."

For some time they watch by the side of the suffering child, doing what little they can to relieve him, and fearing that every moment will be his last; but presently he rallies slightly, and Edith sinks into a chair, covering her face with her handkerchief, and relapsing into hysterical wailing.

She does not stay in the sick-chamber for long, but presently retires to her couch, weeping.

Shortly afterwards Doctor Abbott arrives.

"You here, Lady Lovelace?" he says in astonishment. "Why did you come out in such weather as this? I told Sir Evelyn——"

"Oh, it has not hurt me, doctor!" she answers. "I could not stay away when this poor child was so ill."

"They ought not have told you," he answers gravely. "Indeed, Lady Lovelace, this is no fit task for you. You are not strong enough yet."

"You shall judge of my strength by my actions," she says smilingly. "I am here now, and not a bit tired."

But even as she utters the words she feels an odd sensation of faintness coming over her.

She has been standing ever since she left the carriage, and she has not broken her fast that morning, but she masters the feeling and rises to the occasion, unconsciously eliciting silent admiration from Doctor Abbott.

"Shall I call his mother?" she asks once, when the boy seems in great danger.

"No, no; let her be. She's of no use," he answers.

It wrings her heart to look upon the poor child's sufferings, but she does not flinch; she does all that can be done; and, when there is nothing more to do, she never turns her eyes from the poor little agonized face, watching eagerly for the first sign of relief.

He is better again presently, and the doctor ventures to express a hope that he shall "pull him through this time."

They are talking in low tones about him, when Juliet hears her husband's voice below. Has he come to take her back—to let them all know how she stole away in his absence—to let them all see how ill they agree together.

But an instant's reflection tells her that she need fear no such conduct from him. Lovelace is one to conceal rather than to reveal the unhappiness of his domestic affairs, and his stately dignity would never stoop to upbraid his wife in the presence of a third person. Nevertheless her heart beats wildly as she hears him ascending the stairs.

He opens the door and advances into the room, his glance leisurely taking in each of its occupants, and falling last of all upon the trembling figure of his wife, holding on to the rail of the cot as if to support herself.

"I think you must be tired by this time, Juliet," he says in his ordinary voice, and then, without waiting for an answer from her, he turns to the child. "Is he as bad as they tell me?" he inquires.

"Not now; I think he'll do after a bit," is the reply. "But he could not be much worse than he has been."

Lovelace bends over the cot, watching the child critically.

There is no sound in the room save the hard breathing of the little patient, and an occasional crackle of the fire. Juliet stands holding on to the rail as though her life depended on it.

The deadly sensation of faintness is upon her again—it is in vain that she struggles against it.

She is just thinking in a bewildered sort of way that she will go and sit down, when the door again opens, and Edith comes in.

She also had heard Lovelace come upstairs, and was by no means pleased that he should find her away from her child at such a time.

"How is he now?" she says anxiously, passing to the bedside, and affecting at first not to see the new-comer. I told Prescott to be sure to call me in half an hour, but she did not—I suppose she knew how overwearied I was. Ah, Sir Evelyn"—with a languid uplifting of her sad blue eyes to his—"you have come to condole with me in my sorrow?"

"There is no need for condolence, Mrs. Blakey," interposes Doctor Abbott bluntly. "I quite believe he will get the better of it this time."

"Oh, how thankful I am! May I really believe it? Oh, my child——"

But here her ejaculations of joy are suddenly broken off, and her eyes, as well as those of the two men and the maid, turn in the direction of Juliet, who has quietly slipped down upon the floor beside the cot, and fainted away.

When she comes to herself she is lying on the couch in Edith's room, and some one is dashing cold water on her face. A querulous voice is speaking, and she listens to it as one in a dream.

"It was so silly of her—I am sure I did not want her to over-exert herself. Really. I am very sorry, but——"

"Don't distress yourself, Mrs. Blakey," interrupts another voice, deep and grave. "I will take good care it does not occur again."

Edith begins to cry at that, and Juliet hears her husband go out of the room. He soon returns, and tells Edith that the doctor requires her presence in the nursery.

"You forgive me?" asks Edith; and Juliet knows by the rustle of her garments that she has risen, and is standing before him.

"I have nothing to forgive," he replies, with cold courtesy; and Juliet, though her eyes are closed, can so well imagine the formal bow which, she has no doubt, accompanies his words, that, in spite of her feeling of extreme weakness, she almost laughs.

Edith goes away then, and Lovelace advances to the couch.

"How is she now?" he says to Prescott.

"Better, sir, I think. She has got a little color in her face now."

"Juliet."

"Yes."

She opens her eyes and looks at him.

"That is right. How do you feel now?"

"Pretty well, only——"

"Only?"

"Rather weak," she is forced to confess, as an excuse for maintaining her reclining position, for she feels that she cannot get up.

"I think you may go now; I will stay with Lady Lovelace," he says to Prescott; and the husband and wife are left together.

He sits beside her for a long while without speaking. She lies still, with her eyes closed, wondering vaguely what he will say.

"How is Randal?" she asks at length, when the continued silence is no longer endurable.

"Better. Out of danger, I believe."

"I am glad to hear that."

She speaks very calmly, and Lovelace eyes her critically, as if calculating the amount of her strength.

"Do you know I came here to be very angry with you, Juliet?" he says, after a long pause.

"I thought you did," she replies, so naively that an involuntary smile curves his lips. But she does not see it.

"However, you have had your punishment," he continues. "Are you not sorry you disobeyed me now?"

"I cannot say that."

"Do you take such a delight in defying my authority, Juliet?"

"I did not think of you at all in the matter," she answers. "I came here for little Randal's sake only."

He rises from his chair, and begins to pace thoughtfully up and down the room. Juliet, stealing a glance at him now and again, sees that his brow is heavily clouded, and that his eyes are both stern and sorrowful.

"I fear it was a mistake," he says, half to himself, as he pursues his walk. "I fear it was a mistake."

"I know it was a mistake," she says aloud.

She knows what he refers to—he means that he had better have had their marriage dissolved at first, instead of trying to endure her in his house.

He comes and stands by her side at that, looking sadly down at her.

"You think so, Juliet?"

"Yes, I do. I would give my life to undo the past."

She speaks with almost unconscious energy, glad to take this opportunity of letting him know how humbly and truly she regrets her mad act on that March day two years ago.

It may soften his pain—if ever so little—to know that she does not triumph over him in her sad success. But it seems to her that another shade of sorrow comes over his dark face.

"It is too late now," he says, and turns away.

Juliet remains at Compton for several days, for the weather continues very severe, and both her husband and the doctor think it better for her to stay where she is until it improves; but she is not allowed to have much to do with the nursing of little Randal, nor, in spite of her entreaties, is she permitted to sit up even a single night with him.

Sitting by the fire one cool afternoon with Edith, the latter alludes to former times.

"We have not been fortunate, have we?" she says. I have lost my husband, and you—any one can see that you are not happy with yours."

Juliet has not enough of her old spirit to reply to this assertion. She only droops her head lower over Edith's child upon her lap.

"There are some people who can never get on together;" continues Edith meditatively. "Not that it is their fault in the least degree, but their natures seem opposed. Now, though you may not think it, Juliet, I can assure you that Sir Evelyn is a most kind-hearted and agreeable man."

"I am glad you think so," Juliet replies, raising her head proudly. If Edith saw the flash of her cousin's blue eyes and the sudden haughty gesture of her graceful head, she would surely take warning thereby, and leave the dangerous subject where it is, but her gaze is fixed upon the glowing fire, and she notices nothing—not even the ominous change in Juliet's voice.

"Well, you see," she goes on slowly, "it was being forced into marrying him that made me dislike him at first. But if he and Randal could have changed places—Randal might be the owner of Tenham, and Sir Evelyn the poor soldier——"

She pauses.

"Then—you think you would have chosen differently?"

"It is impossible to tell, my dear"—deprecatingly. "My feelings at the time were so very much prejudiced by poor dear father's strong advocacy of Sir Evelyn's suit."

"Still," pursues Juliet, determined to know the worst, "you think it would have been better if I had not interfered—if things had been left to take their own course?"

"Well, perhaps it would. Of course you did it for the best—to help me—and a very good little cousin you were"—patting the passive hand near her own—"but you see, my dear, the plan has not turned out well."

Juliet sits like one turned to stone. Is this the girl who at one time was her friend—cousin—sister—who sits there speaking words of such cruel truth? Whatever she feels about it, she might at least conceal those feelings from the woman who spoiled her own life for her sake!

"I am very sorry I cannot die to oblige you!" she remarks, in hard indifferent tones.

"Oh, my dear Juliet!" exclaims Edith, as though painfully shocked, "how can you say such things? Now just suppose, as a punishment for such a naughty speech, you should die as you sit there, with my dear boy in your arms! There would be a dreadful thing!"

"I wish I could!" returns Juliet, with reckless fervor.

"Why, Juliet, how perfectly shocking! Do you really hate Sir Evelyn so much as that?"

"No, I don't hate him," Juliet answers, rising suddenly to her feet, and putting the child abruptly into his mother's lap. "Why do you keep harping on my imaginary dislike for him? I never told you I hated him—I don't! I love him—I love him—I love him!"

She stands before her cousin during this impassioned speech like an insulted and indignant queen, and Edith remains quite still, as though cowed by the fire of her angry eyes and the majesty of her righteous wrath.

The child begins to cry at the sudden and unceremonious change of position, but neither of them fears him—they gaze into each other's eyes, heedless of all else, until Juliet turns and walks out of the room.

In the evening, sitting alone in the drawing-room after dinner—for Edith has gone upstairs on the excuse of being anxious about little Randal—Juliet's thoughts become intolerable to her.

If she cannot die, she longs with a frenzied longing to get away from her tormentor.

This feeling grows upon her to such a degree that she at last determines to go to her husband while she has an opportunity, and beg him to take her home—to send her to Lady Thorncroft's—anywhere out of that house.

She rises, and goes to the dining-room in search of him, but he is not there; then to the library, with no better success.

She gives up hope then, and the sudden longing in her heart dies away into despair. After all, what does it matter where she drags out the rest of her miserable life?

She falls upon her knees beside a chair, resting her arms on the seat, and burying her face in her hands.

She does not cry, she is conscious only of an overwhelming longing to die, and be out of the way of Edith and her husband.

How long she has been there she does not know, when the sound of a voice startles her—a familiar voice, which makes her spring to her feet with quickly-throbbing heart.

"Juliet! Why, Juliet, what on earth is the matter?"

It is Randal Blakey who stands before her—Randal, though his pink cheeks are brown now, and the laugh in his blue eyes is sobered to a kindly wondering smile!

Juliet runs to him, seizing both his hands, scarcely knowing what she does in her thankfulness and gladness. It would do no good now if she died that minute!

"Randal, Randal! Oh, how thankful I am!" she exclaims. "Oh, Randal, we thought you were dead!"

"You thought I was dead? I must have frightened you, then. But whatever was the matter? Not Edith, I hope, or the boy?"

"No, no! She is very well, and the child too. Oh, Randal, I was so miserable, and I am so happy now!"

Her face is radiant, her eyes sparkle with joy; her whole expression seems transformed in her sudden glad excitement. Blakey stares at her in undisguised amazement.

"Why, Juliet, what on earth has come to you? Of course you are glad to see a fellow whom you thought to be six feet under the earth; but—but—I declare I scarcely understand——"

"Randal, don't you remember when we were married—how I cheated poor Sir Evelyn?"

She has fallen upon her knees beside the chair again, and is pouring out her words in rapid nervous tones that will brook no restraint — further self-control is impossible to her in her weakened and excited state.

"I have been so miserable lately, Randal. We believed you were dead, and I begin to think, if I could die too, Edith and Sir Evelyn could be married. I have sometimes thought that he really cared for her then, instead of merely wanting to marry her for the sake of Compton."

"You absurd child! Is that what you have been fretting yourself to a skeleton about? What a vivid imagination you must have! And how coolly you disposed of my wife! Why, it would take a great deal to bring all that about. Edith hates him like poison—always did!"

"Oh, Randal, perhaps I was very silly; but I felt that I had separated them; and that, if he did care for her, it was through me he lost her. I couldn't bear to think that I alone kept him from his happiness, and now you have come back——"

"Then you don't care for him, Juliet? I always felt sure you would, somehow—after awhile."

"He does not care for me, Randal. Is it likely, when——"

"But, my dear child, he does care for you. I have good proof of it."

He speaks with an air of superior wisdom that would make her laugh on an ordinary occasion, but now it comforts her unspeakably.

A year or two ago, she would not have believed that the time would come when she would make the young soldier her confidant; but now, excluded from all others, she finds comfort in talking to him, and listening to his assurances, while he, tender-hearted as ever, but grown graver and manlier from his close acquaintance with the hardships and dangers of the battle-field, is more worthy of her confidence than ever he could have been before.

"Did you think that I was such a coward as to let you put yourself into Lovelace's power, without some guarantee of his good behavior to you?" he says half reproachfully, bending over her and laying one hand upon her shoulder—a hand which, twelve months ago, was white and delicate as a woman's, but which now is brown and hard with toil and exposure. "I had a guarantee, Juliet, the best I could have had. I knew he loved you. You don't ask me how I found it out," he continues, as she does not speak. "I suppose you don't believe it; but listen to what I can tell you. Only a few days before you and Edith told me of your plans, Juliet, I caught that fellow making a regular dance of himself over a bow of ribbon that had dropped from your dress——"

"How do you know it was from my dress?" she questions, raising her eyes for a moment to his animated face. "It might have been from Edith's."

"Because I saw it fall, madam, and also saw him pick it up and kiss it, and put it——"

"Don't!" she exclaims, with a half-suppressed laugh that is almost a sob, and hiding her face in the cushions of the chair; but he can see the tips of her ears turn scarlet, and he draws a favorable augury therefrom.

"It's as true as that I stand here, my dear girl; and that is why I ventured to fall in with your plan. I knew I should be doing him a good turn, and I thought you could not fail to care for him. Whichever way I looked at it, it seemed square enough, and, as my own inclinations were strongly biased —— I would have told you long since if I had thought there would be any need. But I did not consider it my business to tell his secrets, and I trusted him to win your heart, if he had a mind. A fellow like that, Juliet! I can't think however you have resisted him all this time, just the sort the women rave about! I can tell you I have often wondered how Edith came to prefer me to him—very lucky thing she did, though!"

Juliet rises to her feet with a face that is almost calm. She will never undeceive him.

As far as she is concerned, he shall always believe that his wife loves him as fully and tenderly as he does her.

"Never mind about that, Randal, so long as she did prefer you, and is yours now," she says, smiling gently.

"Oh, no, I'm not going to bother myself about it! When I've got the loveliest wife on the face of the earth, I can afford to snap my fingers at all the other fellows. But now, Juliet, it will be all right with you. You know he cares for you, and I am sure any woman might be proud of such a husband."

"Yes; I am proud of him," she acknowledges softly.

"That's right. And you forgive me now for letting you sacrifice yourself to us? You believe that I did not consider only my own happiness?"

"I never thought of such a thing, Randal. It was I who did it—not you. I did it of my own free will, to save Edith from—from——"

"From that terrible ogre of whom you are so proud," he laughs. "And now, Juliet, I should like to see my wife, if you can tell me where to find her."

"Oh, Randal, of course! How selfish I have been, talking to you about my own troubles all this time! What must you have thought of me?"

"Nothing but what I have thought all along—that you are the kindest and most generous little girl in the world! I would talk to you for a week without stopping if I could make your life any happier by so doing. Have I succeeded at all?" he asks again.

"I am very glad to know what you have told me," she replies, evading a direct answer to his question. "But now let us think of Edith. She must not be told too suddenly of your arrival—she is not strong enough to bear such a shock."

"No; my poor darling was always delicate; we must be very careful. And is the boy all right, Juliet? And what sort of a fellow has he turned out?"

"He has just got through an attack of croup, but the doctor says he is doing well now. He is a beauty, Randal."

"Of course he is, because he is Edith's boy. And is all this mourning for me?"—touching her black dress.

"Not altogether. I suppose you have not heard of uncle Phil's death?"

"The Colonel dead! No, indeed, I knew nothing of it."

The young man looks very grieved at this news, for he always entertained a most sincere respect and admiration for the fiery old man who rated him so roundly for stealing his daughter, and forgave him almost in the same hour.

"But Randal," she asks, "how is it you have been away so long? Your regiment came home months ago, and there has been search made for you. We all thought you must be dead when nobody could get any news of you."

"I was taken prisoner, and carried into the interior. They made a slave of me as long as they could keep me, but that wasn't very long, as you see. I took myself off at the very first opportunity, I can tell you—and a precious narrow squeak I had of it too! But never mind about that now. I can tell you my adventures another time," he continues, following her to the door as she is about to go in search of Edith, his kindly thoughts evidently more busy with the troubles he finds at home than with those from which he has just escaped. "I dare say I should have told you about that little affair of the bow, when I found that Sir Evelyn and you were really married, and were going to live the rest of your lives together; but I knew Edith thought he cared for her, and I knew also that it pleased her vanity to imagine it—all pretty women are vain, you know"—with a fond smile at the thought of his—"and so I—I let her think so, and didn't say anything decidedly to the contrary. I hope it has made no mischief?"

"My husband has always been kind to me, Randal," she answers quietly; "and I thank you heartily for what you have told me to-day. Now let me go and tell Edith of your arrival. You must be longing to see her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HAND-STOVE.

A great institution that one learns to appreciate is the kairo, or Japanese hand-stove, a little tin or copper box covered with gay-patterned cotton cloth, and about the size of an ordinary purse. It is an innocent-looking thing, but glows with a steady heat, does not waver, and stops just short of burning or scorching.

The hidden fire is supplied by means of a stick of fine charcoal incased in paper, that when lighted at one end burns with a steady glow for four or five hours, leaving behind a soft white ash.

It is said that this pulverized charcoal is made from bamboo and persimmon leaves, but if so it is probable that they are charred more for economy's sake than for any special qualities they possess.

The kairo is centuries old in Japan, but a great improvement upon rubber bags and hot-water bottles of Western people. With a kairo in the pocket or in the hand one can brave the coldest ride, and for ailments there is nothing like it. Foreign physicians use the kairo with all hot applications, keeping poultices steaming for hours at a time, binding kairos on the head and neck of neuralgic patients, and on the chests of those afflicted with colds.

In traveling, the kairo is the comfort of life, a match being all that is required to start the tropical glow for one's fingers; and when wrapped up in a rug with kairos properly distributed about, one can remain on deck in the coldest weather.

When the deathly agony and misery of sea-sickness assails one, the kairo is better than all the bromides and powders compounded, the little fire-box remaining at its post when nothing else can be kept on the stomach.

In damp and mildewy seasons and places the shrewd housewives scatter kairos in the beds, the trunks and the linen closets, as with one stick of carbon the little stove keeps up its gentle heat for more than four hours, and by putting in two pieces it burns for six and eight hours. The little box of perforated tin or copper, with its calico covering and sliding top, costs from three cents to ten cents, and the carbons that come in a paper like fire-crackers, are only one cent for ten.

The Japanese carry a kairo in their long sleeves, where they can hold it in their hands or slip it in their broad girdles, where the warmth will spread and generally cheer them the most.

Why the exporters have never taken up the kairo with enthusiasm is a mystery. Next after tea the kairo is the greatest blessing Japan can give to the world.

BOTH FORGOT THEMSELVES.—"My beautiful Choctia, I never tire of luking at your lolely hair!"

The young couple sat in the elegant parlor of an hotel enjoying a tete-a tete. They were on their wedding tour. Julia Van Slankins, the beautiful Pennsylvanian heiress, who had met the distinguished foreign nobleman, Count de Bergamot, while on a visit to her friends in New York, had yielded to the impulsive ardor with which the count had pressed his suit, and after a brief courtship the two were married.

Life looked blissful and romantic to the ecstatic young couple, and a future full of rose-embowered vistas, endless moonlight reveries, and the dreamy dolce far niente of far-away tropical Edens, whose existence was guessed by both but unspoken by either, rose before their rapturous vision.

The head of the beautiful bride rested confidingly on the shoulder of her husband, the noble Count de Bergamot, and at the sound of his voice she looked up.

"I am glad, my dear count," she said, "that my hair pleases you."

Lifting the lovely head from his shoulder the noble foreigner ran his fingers through the wavy masses of her golden hair for a few moments in silence, and then, with a deferential, suggestive inflection of voice, he absently said—"Have a shampoo, sir?"

Recovering himself as his bride looked at him with a start of surprise, he drew from his pocket a rather lean pocket-book, took a bank note from it, and handed it to her.

"My tear Choctia," he said, "let me hav te happiness of giffing you my first present of plimonish!"

The fair bride took the note, looked at the figures that indicated its denomination, tapped in a mechanical way on the centre table, and called out in a shrill voice—

"Ca-a-a-sh!"

MASKED.

BY WM. W. LONG.

You are more to me than any other woman
Ever was or e'er can be, and yet
The world's decree is, each to each is nothing—
Smiling, we wear our masks and hide regret.

And so we laugh, although sharp pain lies under,
The iron willgits vigils stern will keep;
And never a moan the world's care heartless greeting
Will be wrung out from our life's troubled deep.

Love Conquers All.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIN AND THE SINNER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"MARY!"

"I am coming, papa!"

There was a patter of feet down the stone steps of the Manor House of High Dutton, and a girl in white muslin flitted across the lawn towards the spot where the old Squire was standing contemplating the beauty of his lilies and the glory of his roses with profound satisfaction.

"This is too bright a day for you to be cooped up in the house, my dear," said Mr. Dutton. "Why are you not out here?"

"I was reading, papa, such a delightful story," answered the girl, "it came in the box from Mudie's yesterday; and I haven't been able to put it down—positively!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" returned the old man testily. "Now give me your arm, Mary, and we will take a walk through the park."

Mary gave one regretful glance towards the house and that dainty little room of hers where the fascinating story lay in all the glory of gorgeous binding, and then resignedly gave her arm to Mr. Dutton.

She was a tall, well-formed girl of eighteen, with dark-brown hair and lustrous eyes of the same hue, eyes that now lighted up with joy and pleasure, and anon looked grave and severe, in lightning response to the girl's varying moods.

She had the bright healthy hue and the free elastic step of the country-bred maiden; in every movement of her dainty form there was the joyous rapture that comes with the first throb of awakening life to the young, the innocent, and the untroubled.

Happy and untroubled indeed might Mary Dutton well be, seeing that her life was one unclouded vista of serenity.

Although she addressed the old gentleman at her side as papa, and he called her his daughter, there was no tie of blood to link them together.

Mr. Dutton had adopted Mary when she was a little child of four years, left an orphan by one swift stroke of the hand of Fate, and having none to care for and cherish her.

He on his part had been visited by a blow which to his mind at the time seemed worse than the severing stroke of death, his wife, a young handsome woman with an implacable temper, had fled in a sudden fit of fury and unholy passion, and left him dishonored and heart-rent to live his life alone.

To his stricken mind the helpless condition of little Mary Mardle seemed to mark the child out as a companion in desolation with himself; and, although she was of humble parentage, her father was the village clerk, her mother the schoolmistress, the Squire took the child to his arms and reared her as his own daughter.

He was perhaps the more constrained to take this child to his desolate heart in consequence of his utter friendlessness in other respects.

His headstrong pride had led him into an undying quarrel with his younger and only brother, and his hatred did not cease when the poor fellow was laid in his grave, but was visited upon the son he left behind him.

And Jonathan Dutton had developed into a hard-hearted old man, with but one green spot in the arid waste of his desolate soul, and that the love he bore his adopted daughter.

He petted and indulged her in every possible way, and had it not been for the watchful eye and gentle admonition of Mrs. Netherbury, a lady who had managed his household ever since the death of her husband, Major Netherbury, it is possible that Mr. Dutton would have gone far towards spoiling the mind and character of the little maiden.

But Mary had grown to budding womanhood without taint of selfishness or want of amiability mixing with her mind, and thus she was on this bright June morning a very light-hearted, pleasant English girl, happy with the full joyousness of young life.

"And pray what is this precious book which interests you so much all about, my dear?" asked the old man as they leisurely trod the greensward.

"Oh, a delightful girl, quite lovable, named Aimee," responded Mary, "and a gentleman who falls in love with her and then quarrels with his family in consequence!"

"Ah, he behaves like an ungrateful, unprincipled scamp, and dies like a cur in a ditch!" said the Squire, with a savage scowl.

"No, I don't think so," answered Mary unconsciously. "I was obliged to take a peep at the ending, it isn't fair, you know, but I did want to see what became of them. It is poor Aimee who dies, I believe, and her husband and his family are reconciled and——"

"Asses!" burst out the old man angrily, much to Mary's astonishment. "But, pish—it's always the way with those writing people—they know as much about life as this blackthorn!"—and the Squire shook his stick wrathfully at some imaginary novelist writhing in the throes of ignorance.

His companion, suddenly comprehending the reason of this outburst, grew graver, but said nothing.

"I have told you, child," said the Squire presently, "what I have suffered at the hands of ungrateful relatives; and do you think that I would ever be reconciled to one of them or cross my hand to theirs? Never! I have shaken their hateful forms from out my remembrance; and may they ——"

"Oh, papa," interrupted Mary gently, "are you not too harsh? Surely there will come a time when——"

"Never," burst in the old man passionately—"never! I have but one being in my remnant of a heart, and that is yourself, my child. I know you love me; I know that you will always do your duty to me. And when I am dead and gone you will have your reward."

"Oh, papa," protested the girl, "I want no reward! And do not talk of your being dead and gone, it is horrible!"

"Tut, tut, Mary! The parsons and the doctors tell us we must all die at some time, not that I feel like dying," he continued. "I have never felt better in my life. No, I don't think I shall die just yet. But you see all these acres," he added hastily, as if anxious to stray from an unpleasant contemplation, "all these acres, these trees and meadows, farms and homesteads stretching away there as far as your eye can reach!" and indicated these objects with a rapid wave of his stick. "Well, when that event which they tell us is bound to happen occurs to me all these will be yours, Mary."

"Oh, papa, I do not desire it!" cried Mary, the tears in her bright eyes. "What ever could I do with it all? And, if it meant parting from you, I should hate it all; and perhaps——"

"Perhaps what!" quickly demanded Mr. Dutton.

"If your own kith and kin thought that they had been robbed of their heritage," answered Mary timidly, "they might feel very bitter and angry; and I would not like to wrong any one."

"Bitter and angry!" ejaculated the savage old man. "I only hope the knowledge, when it comes to them, may choke them! What else do you suppose I so heartily desire as that, silly girl?"

Mary sighed a little, but did not make any reply.

She had heard all this rancor and bitterness before, and with her gentle usefulness had sought to stem the current of the old man's malevolence, but to no purpose.

He seemed to revel in laying bare to her all the hatred and uncharitableness which permeated his warped mind, and in showing her that the gulf between himself and his kindred was one which would never be bridged over.

There was silence between them for a while, each revolving a train of thought awakened by the Squire's words, until he said:

"I met Captain Carver this morning, Mary, and asked him to come over to lunch. You don't object, I suppose?" he added, with a sidelong glance at the little girl.

"Oh, papa, of course not!" answered Mary, looking downwards quickly with just the faintest blush in the world.

Then, as she raised her eyes and met the old man's inquiring glance, she laughed and said, "Why should I object, papa?"

"Why should you, indeed?" echoed Mr. Dutton. "Do you know, Mary," he pursued, "a little bird told me that somebody admired somebody else very much indeed?"

The faint tinge on Mary's cheek grew visibly deeper, but she answered, with a laugh:

"I'm afraid little birds make mistakes sometimes, papa!"

"Not my little bird," rejoined the Squire with the serene wisdom of age. "He is always correct. And the Captain is heir to the Carver property," Mr. Dutton went on; "and old Carver the banker is very rich. You might do worse, Mary."

This last recommendatory quality was lost upon Mary, who was thinking considerably more of the curly black hair and handsome eyes which the Captain now possessed rather than of the golden treasure in which he would one day rejoice.

"Well, there he is in the flesh!" exclaimed the Squire shortly afterwards, as they emerged from the woody park on the lawn, and caught sight of the tall form of the handsome Captain, the hope of the Carvers of Carver Hall, perambulating the gravel walk in front of the house.

"Ah, you rogue, you want to run across to him!" said the Squire, gently pinching her arm.

"No, indeed, papa!" answered Mary with dignity. "I don't wish to run after Captain Carver, thank you."

* * * * * *

Squire Dutton was a man with few friends and many enemies.

He seemed to have imbibed the passion for quarreling from his very cradle-time, for he fought his nurse, bullied his brother, and rendered the life of his governess anything but an unmixed blessing.

It was little wonder that he grew to man's estate morose and implacable, and that, what with his wife's perfidy and his quarrel with his brother and nephew, he had become as bitter as gall.

His neighbors disliked him, and he returned their aversion with interest, consorting with few, and rarely showing himself at festive gatherings.

With some however he still held intercourse; and amongst this favored minority were the Carvers of Carver Hall, the banking magnates of the neighboring town of Wallingham.

Jackson Carver, the father, was a long-headed, flinty-hearted man of the world, whose pride was mercantile rather than territorial, and who affected to look down upon the surrounding landed gentry for the very efficient reason that they looked down upon him without any affectation whatever.

There was a time, quite within the family memory, when the Carvers had not been bankers, but something considerably lower in the social scale; and although the discriminating exclusiveness of the landed intelligence might tolerate a banker, it could not in any wise tolerate a baker, which useful, not to say profitable, occupation, it was darkly whispered, had been successfully followed by the Carvers of a period none too remote for the family happiness.

Captain Felix however was an exquisite of the exquisites, and, despite a certain flavor of the "come-and-adore-me" air, was a considerable favorite amongst the marriageable maidens of the district, who recognized in him a man with prospects sufficiently brilliant to render him a prize worth winning, and attractive enough to render his capture a creditable feat.

But Felix had of late appeared to find that the Manor House held irresistible attractions for him, for he was to be found there on every available opportunity; and the marriageable maidens were whispering that he was setting his cap at that parish-clerk girl, who, it was also whispered, was to be the fortunate heiress of the quarrelsome old man who had adopted her.

But, if the truth must be told, Captain Felix was acting only under orders.

His father desired him to marry and settle down, and had hinted to him with tolerable plainness that Miss Mary Dutton was the most eligible young lady in the district for the accomplishment of this interesting purpose.

By this phrase Jackson Carver meant that Mary would be the richest prize in the county; and, on the principle of the impossibility of having too much of a good thing, he desired to see Mary and her money the property of his son.

And Captain Felix, who understood perfectly what was required of him, turned his lazy attention to what he described as making the running.

He felt sufficient interest in Mary to find this process a tolerably pleasant occupation; but he was too utterly listless and self-satisfied to fall in love with any woman to any appreciable extent.

The whole thing was a nuisance, but, as the gov'nor had ordered it, he was too lazily indifferent to rebel, particularly as he had no positive objection to marrying Miss Dutton, whom he considered to be an uncommonly fine girl—rather innocent, and that sort of thing, but not at all bad form!

"What a lovely afternoon, Miss Mary!" said Captain Felix, with a yawn. "It makes one long to be a lotus-eater, like those fellows of Tennyson's, you know, who 'came unto a land where it was always afternoon.'"

"Rather unsubstantial fare, I should think, lotus-eating," laughed Mary. "A new kind of vegetarian diet, I suppose you would call it,"

Captain Felix laughed lazily and stretched his long form into a more comfortable attitude.

Luncheon was over, and the two young people were sitting in wicker-chairs in the shade of a monster oak at the end of the lawn, whither they had betaken themselves, while the Squire indulged in the blissfulness of forty winks and Mrs. Netherbury sought refuge from the noonday heat in her cool room amidst piles of her favorite pastime of needlework.

Captain Felix had in consequence a fair field wherein to pursue the bent of his amatory inclinations, and he was in fact revolving in his mind the desirability of coming to an immediate understanding on this favorable occasion, and of learning his fate.

But there were one or two points which hung in the balance, and rendered it a difficult matter for Captain Felix to make up his mind and take the fatal plunge.

He was not desperately in love with Mary Dutton, but in his own lazy self-satisfied way he admired her; and his self-assurance led him to believe that Mary was in love with him.

But intertwined with his sentimental regard for the fair bright girl whom he was lazily watching from beneath his half-closed eyelids was a very practical curiosity concerning her prospects of succession to the domain of High Dutton.

He recognized the fact quite plainly that the possession of this magnificent estate—magnificent at least in his eyes—would increase his consequence and importance in most essential ways.

Although not particularly mercenary, the hope of the Carvers was pre-eminently mortal, and he knew that, although his long-headed father, upon whom his worldly prospects entirely depended, would effusively welcome as a daughter-in-law the heiress of his old friend Jonathan Dutton, he would accord but scant grace to a penniless young lady, whose sole patrimony consisted of the good wishes of his excellent friend; and this was why the Captain hesitated to utter the words which would fix his doom.

Could the unconscious girl at his side but have looked into the depths of his mind and read what was passing therein, she would doubtless have considerably altered her opinion of Captain Felix Carver, for she little thought that god-like being, while admiringly watching her from beneath his drooping eyelids, was contemplating the possibility of extracting from her some hint regarding the momentous question of her fortune which exercised his mind.

The Fates favored him, for Mary unconsciously afforded him the information he was longing to gain.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Dutton," said Felix.

"I was thinking, Captain Carver," replied Mary, awakening from her meditation, "what a dreadful thing it is for people—particularly relations—to quarrel, and to hate each other so much, when a little forbearance might set everything right!"

"I agree with you, Miss Mary, most profoundly. There's hardly anything in this world worth quarreling about. You are thinking of the Square, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Mary. "It seems so strange that one who is so good and kind should nourish such dreadful animosity against his own kindred."

"He'd never kiss and be friends, and all that sort of thing, I suppose?" said Felix, in a careless tone.

"Never, I am afraid," replied Mary kindly.

"What a dear little hypocrite!" thought the Captain.

Then he added aloud, "There was a nephew, I believe—a scapegrace who offended him mortally—was there not?"

"Yes; his brother's only son," answered the girl. "I believe he detests him more than all the others. He will never forgive him! It seems so dreadful!"

"Then his chance of succeeding to the property is very small?" observed the Captain, opening his lazy eyelids a little.

"He has none at all, I am sorry to say," replied Mary, with perfect sincerity. "It seems wrong; it will be like Esau robbed of his birthright."

The Captain breathed freely, he had made up his mind about the plunge.

"I fancy it's cooler now," he remarked, after another interval of silence. "Shall we stroll down as far as the coppice, Miss Mary, and shake off the afternoon idleness?"

"Then you're tired of being a lotus-eater already?" laughed Mary, rolling up her work.

"Yes; since you will not make one of that enchanted band, I am afraid it would lose its charm, don't you know!" responded Felix.

Mary blushed, and turned towards the trees.

The sunlight was glancing through the interlacing foliage, the birds were carolling merrily overhead, and the grasshopper was chirping among the bracken as Mary and Felix took their way through the long line of noble trees.

All nature seemed awake and joyous; and in the fresh young heart of the girl awoke a corresponding echo of the universal sweetness.

It was good to live, perhaps to be loved, and a tremor—a sweet thrill of delicious fear—quivered through that lightsome heart.

Captain Felix was young, if not impressionable, and the jaded conqueror of many ball-rooms was not wholly without a nervous sensation in the region of his waistcoat when he found himself face to face with a desire, as ardent as his languid soul could make it, to learn his fate.

Nay, he was more in love with his beautiful companion than he was prepared to admit to himself, and it might have been that, left to himself, Felix would have had less thought of the worldly considerations that now mingled with his meditations.

They had reached the little foot-bridge which crossed the stream that wound its way through the High Dutton domain. Felix had taken the girl's little hand, and it was trembling in his.

What was this strange quivering in her breast, this fluttering of that busy heart, which would not beat in measured pulsations, but struggled wildly in bounding throbs? Was this love?" she asked herself.

"My father wants me to leave the Army and settle down, Miss Mary," said Captain Felix; "and I've come to you for advice. What shall I tell him?" he asked, drawing closer and holding the trembling little hand more tightly. "May I tell him I love you, and that you love me, dear Mary?"

There was no answer, but the girl's heart was beating more furiously.

"Shall I tell him that, love?" murmured Felix.

Then there was a shy upward glance from a pair of radiant eyes, a glance full of trust and hope and joy unspeakable, and Captain Felix had caught the trembling form in his arms, and a quivering little voice whispered:

"Yes, you may tell him that."

"And that we will leave the Army, and settle down at once?"

"No, not for a long, long time," replied Mary—"not for ever so long! I am so young; and there is papa, I could not leave papa."

For answer Captain Felix kissed the red lips, and murmured "My darling."

Even the man of the world felt the earth was fairer this bright June afternoon than

was its wont, and he so far overcame his languor as to permit himself to feel blissful.

CHAPTER II.

"HOW much d'you expect on this, mister?" said the pawnbroker's counterman, holding up a seedy coat with outspread arms, and taking in its merits—which were few—and its defects—which were numerous—in one comprehensive glance.

The inquiry was addressed to a shabby-looking man who wore his ill-conditioned silk hat in a somewhat jaunty fashion, and who formed one of a group of five or six customers crowded into a small box-like compartment on the other side of the pawnbroker's counter.

"How much did you say you wanted, mister?" asked the assistant.

"Half a jimmy," replied the shabby man promptly.

"Half a jimmy!" echoed the countryman, with a sniff of disdain, first at the coat and then at its owner. "What d'you take us for?"

"People who know something, of course," replied the other, unabashed—"people who have discrimination enough to recognise a good sound coat when they see one."

"Look here, mister—no larks!" said the counterman with a grin. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he added, in a sudden burst of confidence—"I'll lend you a dollar, if that's any use to you."

"That be hanged!" cried the proprietor of the article. "Make it three half-crowns."

"Can't do it, sir," returned the pawnbroker—"can't, really! Look here, mister—I'll make it six on this coat! It isn't worth it, but seeing it's you——"

"Very well," interrupted the owner impatiently; "I suppose I must take it."

The business completed, the man pocketed his ticket and his money, and passed out leisurely into the street.

It was a busy, well-lighted street, a short distance from Leicester Square, crowded with burrows, shouting hawkers, and women marketing.

For a few moments he paused with his hands in his pockets and his back against a lamp-post, gazing moodily at the pawnbroker's shop.

"Good gracious, and I was a gentleman once," he said, with a bitter intonation in his voice, "and would as soon have thought of entering a pawnshop as—as of living in a garret! And now—well, I'm confoundedly glad to have anything to pawn. What a long time ago that was though," he added—"fourteen or fifteen years, I should think!"

Then he turned and walked off up the street.

He was not an ill-favored man, and given that he had been habited in a decent suit of clothes and that a beard of three or four days' growth had been removed from his chin, he might, by the aid of his aquiline nose, heavy moustache, and blue eyes, have presented a fairly aristocratic appearance.

As it was, these favoring conditions were absent, and he simply looked what he was, a broken-down gentleman, whose taste in dress had disappeared in company with many other good things that had doubtless pertained to him in more palmy days.

Mr. Bernard Dutton—for this shabby stranger was none other than the nephew of the Squire of High Dutton, strolled on listlessly, hesitated outside the first public-house he reached, and then passed on to the next, which he entered without any hesitation whatever.

Mr. Dutton took something brown and steaming with a floating slice of lemon, and took it with gusto; then he "troubled" the barmaid for another, and yet another.

Remembering after the lapse of an hour or so that old saw concerning the beauty of variety, Mr. Dutton strolled out as carelessly as he had strolled in, and turned into Oxford Street.

Arriving there, he suddenly seemed to make up his mind concerning his destination, for he jumped on to a passing omnibus which was travelling towards the North of London.

Perhaps in all that great city, so dreary with the shadows of ruined lives and breaking hearts, there was no human being whose career presented a more pitiable instance of fair promise blighted, of fair hopes crushed, and the better portion of a nature generous and buoyant broken beneath the merciless touch of ignoble and debasing misery than that of this worn-looking man of five-and-thirty, in whom it would have been difficult to recognise the bright joyous lad who had made the old hall of High Dutton ring with his merry laughter in the days of his youth.

A spendthrift, pleasure-loving father, who rapidly squandered his patrimony and brought his young wife to an early grave by his careless recklessness, was hardly the best preceptor for a wayward youth with weaknesses in plenty intermixed with his more generous attributes; and the lad had not profited greatly by his father's example.

But, despite the scant attention bestowed upon him by his parent, the boy had loved him dearly with all the fervor of his young passionate heart.

His school and college vacations were chiefly spent at his uncle's house; until one day there came the feud between the brothers which resulted in undying enmity.

Bernard was nineteen at the time, high-spirited and full of affection for his handsome, brilliant father, and he elected to follow his father's fortunes rather than adopt the more worldly-wise course of taking sides with his uncle.

A few words of contemptuous bitterness from the elder man concerning his brother Aubrey, a fiery rejoinder from the youth, a few moments of angry altercation, and Bernard shook the dust of High Dutton from his feet, and went off to his father in London.

Then came a letter from his uncle, full of bitter sentences and unjust inferences, and the breach was rendered irreparable.

Another year, and Bernard was left fatherless, for the high pressure of Aubrey Dutton's life was not particularly conducive to longevity, and he died with painful suddenness—heart-disease, the doctors said—and Bernard remembered that the fell complaint had sent many of his kindred to their graves.

He wrote to his uncle, in the midst of his sorrows, a tender-hearted expression of poignant feeling for the father that lay dead, and a manful attempt at reconciliation.

A curt and brutally-indifferent note was the response, and the lad turned from the gentle impulse that had prompted his letter and cursed his uncle out of his heart.

Thus he found himself at twenty, with a few hundred pounds in money, the remnants of his father's scattered fortune, an old family name that had been familiar on men's tongues as far back as the days of the early Plantagenets, and an utter ignorance of any practicable or reputable mode of earning his livelihood, and without a guiding hand to lead him.

His money rapidly disappeared, and how he had then contrived to exist he would probably have had a difficulty in explaining; but necessity is a sharp schoolmaster.

At one time he was teaching languages at infinitesimal fees, at another he was selling coals on commission, at another he was perambulating the suburbs with a patent candle-extinguisher.

But all this time his moral nature was sinking lower; the painful misery of the struggle for existence was crushing and ruthlessly demolishing the finer instincts of the man, and he turned with reckless despair to debasing excitement to relieve the dull horror of his existence.

And his weakness permitted him to sink thus low; without hope of rising out of this Slough of Despond which encompassed him, he allowed himself to drift farther and farther away from one heritage of his existence—the heritage of manhood.

And, as he now sat on the top of the omnibus, he was unable wholly to stifle the galling remembrance of what he was, what he had been, and what he might have been, but too utterly broken-spirited and despondent to make a serious attempt to raise himself from the ruin of his present life.

The omnibus reached its destination, and Mr. Dutton descended and threaded his way through a maze of dimly-lighted streets until he reached a dark-looking, somewhat isolated house with a dim lamp flickering in an open doorway and a green-baize door at the end of the dark passage.

Bernard Dutton walked into the passage, pushed open the swing baize door, nodded to a man who was seated inside, and who appeared to be the custodian of the entrance, and, without pausing, entered a large room which was shut off from the outer world by another door labelled "For Members Only."

The room was very large and lofty, and was brilliantly lighted with glittering chandeliers.

At one end was a liquor-bar and ranged around the room were a number of stuffed seats and long tables, at which men and youths were seated playing cards and gambling with feverish eagerness.

There was also a piano at one corner, and a showily-dressed young woman was hammering out a waltz with considerable demonstrativeness for the benefit of a dozen couples of young men and tawdry-looking maidens who occupied the floor in the centre of the room or hall, and were dancing away to their hearts' content.

To the worn mind of the new-comer the scene presented little novelty, for he had seen the same dreary junketing times without number, he being a member of the Athenian Club, which was the classic title of this haunt of evil, by virtue of the payment of one shilling per month as subscription; and he had come there to-night not to moralize, but to gamble with the few shillings he had extracted from the cautious Jowler.

He crossed the room, and took a seat at a table where some half-dozen men were playing faro, a gambling game involving nothing but sheer chance; and, after a word or two of greeting, he was putting his stake in with the rest.

The scene presented little variation throughout the evening and into the early morning; the dancers gradually dropped off, some of the card-tables became vacant, and gradually the members slowly dispersed.

The cheerful proprietor, a German Jew of bland and insinuating aspect, rubbed his hands continually and drank his own vile liquor at the expense of every one who felt disposed to pay for that questionable pleasure, until the small hours of the morning, when, finding that the great majority of his patrons had departed and the trade of the remaining few had dwindled to nothing, he politely intimated that the closing time of the Athenian Club had arrived.

Bernard had left the faro-table, and was sitting near the bar, drinking brandy-and-water.

He had converted the few shillings he possessed into a couple of sovereigns and a handful of silver, through a run of good luck that had attended his operations; and was treating a youth who was sitting beside him, and who, in addition to the haggard aspect which late hours and unhealthy, vitiating pursuits had imprinted on his delicate face, wore a look of nervous despondency and wretchedness most painful to contemplate.

Mr. Dutton presently rose, drank off his liquor, and buttoned up his coat.

"Come along, Willie, you go my way," he said to the lad, who rose and followed him.

"Been losing again, I suppose, Will?"

"Yes," answered the lad dejectedly, "just upon sixteen shillings."

"All you had about you, eh?" said his companion, with a shrewd glance.

The boy nodded, and there was another pause.

"Look here, Will," broke in Mr. Dutton suddenly, "it's rather hard lines on your mother and sister, your losing your money like this always, don't you think?"

"That's the worst of it," replied Willie vehemently. "I promised mother to bring her some to-night, and—and—well, I thought my confounded luck would turn and I should be able to take her a good deal more, so I came on to the club. It's beastly cruel!"

"You ought to give up this confounded club, Willie," said Bernard Dutton. "It'll ruin you, my boy—take my word for it."

"I know, of course I ought to!" replied the other. "I mean to, as soon as I get back a little, you know, of what I have lost."

Mr. Dutton shook his head.

"No, no, Will, that won't do. Give it up, lad, at once."

"I won't go there again," declared the young fellow warmly—"upon my word I won't!"

"That's right, Will, stick to it," said Bernard. "Here's your street; and, look here, lad, I've been winning to-night, take this sovereign and give it to your mother. You can pay me back some other time, any way you like. There, don't make a fuss! Cut along!"

With a hasty hand-shake, and leaving the lad to make his way home, relieved and unutterably thankful, Mr. Dutton hurried away, and at length reached his street—a street of tall grim houses, in one of which was the attic which represented to him all that he could know of the word home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIEVES AND THE HOUSE.—It is a singular thing that almost every one keeps his jewelry in the top bureau drawer, and that is the place a house-thief usually ransacks first after entering a house.

After going through the bureau drawers he opens trunks and searches other places in the room where he thinks he is likely to find any thing, and then he makes a tour through the rooms on the upper floors. He will continue his search until the office or signal is given him by one of his confederates that he is in immediate danger, and he then goes toward the window through which he entered and lies low until he is again signaled.

Sometimes a member of the gang will occupy a room several doors from a house which he intends to rob. Then he can cross the roofs of the house and can by means of a rope tied about the chimney descend to any window in the house and enter, and when his work is done he can go back the same way and take the rope with him.

A person who enters a house in the dead hour of the night is a desperate man. If, while he is going through the house, he hears a noise and thinks the occupants are alarmed, he will make every effort to escape, and if he finds that his way is barred he will fight for his liberty, and murder, if it is necessary, to effect his escape. The best thing for persons to do when they hear any one in their room is to let them alone or frighten them off, and not attempt to keep them in the house, for trouble, and possibly murder, is bound to follow. I never heard of a professional committing a deliberate murder. He only does it when it is absolutely necessary to effect his escape.

The greatest enemy this class of thieves has is the small dog that is allowed to travel over the house. If when they enter he happens to be upstairs he barks and alarms the occupants of the house, and as the thief approaches him he backs until he gets under the bed or some other piece of furniture, and continues barking until the thief either leaves the house through fear or because the barking dog has attracted the attention of some one in the house. Such a dog is feared by thieves more than a mastiff.

TREES AND LIGHTNING.—The reason which lies at the bottom of the general belief on the Continent of Europe that lightning strikes the Lombardy poplar trees in preference to others is coming to light. Green herbage and green wood—sappy wood—are excellent conductors of electricity. A tree is shattered by lightning only when the discharge reaches the naked trunk or naked branches, which are poorer conductors. An old-fashioned Lombardy poplar, by its height, by its complete covering of twigs and small branches, and their foliage, down almost to the ground, and by its sappy wood, makes a capital lightning-rod, and a cheap one. Happily no one can patent it and bring it round in a wagon and insist upon trying it.

Scientific and Useful.

CEDAR-WOOD PULP.—Cedar-wood pulp is now made into a paper for underlaying carpets, wrapping up wool, etc., as a preservative against moths. The wood used is the heretofore wasted chips of the pencil manufactory.

RATS AND MICE.—Soak one or more newspapers, knead them into a pulp, dip the pulp in a suitable solution of oxalic acid. While wet force the pulp into any crevice or hole made by mice or rats. Result, disgusted retreat, with sore snouts and feet, on the part of the would-be intruders.

NOSE-BLEED.—A simple plan of stopping bleeding of the nose has lately been advised. Grasp the nose firmly with the finger and thumb for ten or fifteen minutes; by thus completely stopping the movement of air through the nose (which displaces freshly formed clots) you will favor the clotting of the blood, and will frequently stop hemorrhage.

NATURAL SOAP.—A California company is about to begin the manufacture of soap from clay containing soap properties, presumably similar in character to the natural soap well which has been discovered near Buffalo Gap, in Dakota. The soap is skimmed from a boiling spring, and hardens by exposure to the air. It is like soft clay and can be gathered with a shovel. It is supposed to be a mixture of borax, alkali and lubricating oil.

BLACKING.—An experienced shoemaker says that blacking greatly shortens the life of shoes. As blacking cannot well be dispensed with, though, he advises that the shoes, or rather those parts which are polished, be liberally rubbed with oil. Such treatment about once every two weeks, or thereabouts, but after the blacking has first been scraped off, will, he says, not only make the leather more pliable, and consequently easier on the foot, but materially curtail the shoemaker's bill.

THE ECHO-MAKER.—The "echo-maker" is a new invention to be used on ships at sea. It has a rifle, with a flaring funnel upon it. When an obstacle is supposed to be near the vessel the rifle is fired in that direction, and if there is any obstacle it reflects the sound back into the funnel. The time required for the reflected sound to reach the funnel is measured by a special apparatus, and will indicate the distance of the object. The return sound has been heard from a fort half a mile away, and from passing steamers a quarter of a mile away.

Farm and Garden.

POULTRY.—Dressed poultry should not be packed for transportation until entirely cold. It then should be laid in clean straw, breast down, keeping wings and legs close to the body. See that there is no discoloration of the blood upon the skin. If the heads are removed pull up the skin of the neck and tie it over the severed portion with a bit of strong thread or twine.

DISINFECTANTS.—A cheap and convenient disinfectant may be prepared by mixing one bushel of finely sifted dirt and one pound of chloride of lime. If fine tobacco dust be added it will assist in preventing lice. The dirt so prepared may be dusted over the floors or any portion of the poultry-house, and it will greatly assist in keeping off disease and vermin. The cost is but a trifle.

THE SEASON.—The work of next year should begin now. Although the crops of this season are being harvested, the ground from which they are taken should not remain idle. The hardest work of farming is to keep down weeds and grass. Much of this labor could be saved if fighting the weeds should be continued until the appearance of frost, instead of giving up the land to them as soon as the crops are off.

OLD CHINA, ETC.—Old china, broken earthenware and other similar materials can be made serviceable by pounding them for the hens. The hens will prefer them to broken shells or any other gritty material. They are used in the gizzard for grinding the food, and are really necessary, as many kinds of gravel are too round and do not answer the purpose. All gritty, grinding substances used by poultry should be sharp and cutting.

ENSILAGE.—Ensilage is really winter green food, although it is fed to cows as a regular portion of the ration, yet the pigs, horses, sheep and poultry relish it at times. It is the cheapest food that can be produced for winter use, and its value consists not only of its nutritious matter but also of the benefit derived from it as a substitute for the dry food which cattle are compelled to eat during a long winter, the ensilage taking the place of grass or succulent food.

HOG-BREEDING.—Every farm that is devoted to hog-breeding to any considerable extent should have a pen specially constructed and set apart for a hospital. It should be built with a view to warmth, air and light. The lack of such a place has caused the death of hundreds of promising litters of pigs, unfortunately born when the thermometer was at zero or below; it has been the means of spreading contagious or infectious diseases upon many a farm, and its lack will never be fully appreciated until one has enjoyed its benefits.

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Women's Influence.

It is very often the case that mothers and sisters complain of the length and dulness of the home life, and we hear them remark, "Oh! the boys will go out; you see, it is so dull for them at home, and, of course, they like a little company and to smoke, and that sort of thing."

Of course they do, and the strange thing is, that they cannot have the pleasant chat and smoke at home, so that the mother and sisters who complain so much may share in the general amusement. Whose fault is it that evenings at home are so dull in some houses? Happily we need not say in all.

Mothers and sisters—all you who clamor for women's rights and greater influence in the State—have you not here a power which the highest statesman would envy you? Do you not bring up and influence the boys and men? Are they not taught at your knees? Is it not from you that they should learn their highest code of honor and morality?

Oh girls! do not mind if the boys do find fault and tease. They only do it because they are so fond and proud of you, that they want you to do better than other fellows' sisters.

Do you feel inclined to sit and read all the evening, or spend it in some other unsociable way?

Remember that for your brothers, God has given you in charge the highest work that woman is capable of performing. To you He has entrusted that great gift of influence, which is so mighty for good or evil. To you they ought to be able to look for love, confidence and sympathy in the many troubles that are sure to beset a man's footsteps in the world.

When the male part of the family comes in it is the duty of the ladies to be bright and smiling, and to do everything in their power to keep them in the house to which they have returned, perhaps through temptations which you safe at home, warmly sheltered from the world, never dream of.

Do they come in cross and tired? What wonder? if that but provokes you to be more loving and attentive to them; for are they not tired through endeavoring to keep you in that secure home, which they only ask you to make bright and cheerful for them.

If you do not smile for them at home, there are plenty out of doors who will do so; and if sons or brothers are driven by sullen indifference, selfishness, or any other disagreeableness to pass their evenings out, the blame, if any evil come of it, will lie with those whose duty it was to make them welcome at home.

When trouble comes how naturally do we look to father and sons for help, and if we have taught them to regard us as antagonistic to their simplest wishes, and indifferent to their happiness in this world and the one to come, how can we expect or ask them to take up for us the burden we are unable to bear, or preserve to us that domestic felicity which we have tacitly refused to share with them.

Do you not understand, that as the men and boys belonging to you rise in the world so do they raise you; and if you refuse to give the boy the help which is so needed, and which he would not ask or accept but from mother or sister, he will not become the man of whom you may say with pride, he is my son or brother.

Listen to what you hear them say about other girls, and take heed that no girl's brother shall say of you what you dislike or are shocked to hear of others.

Brothers and sons are generally given to speaking plain truths of their female relatives; and though at times unpalatable, and perhaps unjust, their remarks, if taken amiably and reconsidered, may be found to have been made from a feeling of affectionate interest in you, and may, if acted upon, save you from making some of the blunders women without male relatives to advise them often fall into.

Do not snub boys; if you wish them to be manly, treat them like men. Defer to their opinions sometimes, even if you do think your own the best. The world is new to them and they have acute perceptions, and give their experiences truthfully if bluntly.

Many a girl would be saved from a wretched married life did she but know what her young brother knows of her intended husband; and if there was that confidence between them, that it is the duty of the mother and sister to promote and cherish, many a lad would be saved in the first downward step to evil, which, ever descending, will precipitate him and all belonging to him in lasting misery and disgrace.

See, then, how mighty is the power for good or evil which you wield. Let who will guide the world, but God grant that good mothers and sisters may guide the boys. For "the boy is father to the man."

If the most virtuous are those who pretend to have been strongly enticed by their vices before submitting, we could better say that the soldier, who suffered all the agony of terror, and finally fled before the enemy, is more worthy of esteem than the soldier who, without fear and without resistance, remained firm at his post. The bravest is he who does not hesitate before danger; the most upright, he who does not hesitate to do that which is right. How then, in other circumstances, the most virtuous would be he who has struggled before succumbing, and not he who remained pure?

Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds to the numberless flowers in the spring; it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass; it haunts the depths of the earth and the sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty.

Mirth is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety—all this rust of life, ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Every man ought to rub himself with it. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.

No man receives the true culture of a man in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and the most at hand; and it seems to me to be the most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind.

Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense than we find assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright stupidity.

If misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be reverenced; if of ill-fortune, to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be insulted: because it is, perhaps, itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced; and the humanity of that man can deserve no panegyric who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

A moral character is attached to autumnal scenes; the leaves falling like our years, the flowers fading like our hours, the clouds fleeting like our illusions, the light diminishing like our intelligence, the sun growing colder like our affections, the rivers becoming frozen like our lives—all bear secret relations to our destinies.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing; it is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall; it is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger who digged and made room for him; it is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour.

Every real master of speaking or writing uses his personality as he would any other serviceable material; the very moment a speaker or writer begins to use it, not for his main purpose, but for vanity's sake, as all weak people are sure to do, hearers and readers feel the difference in a moment.

Somber thoughts and fancies often require little real soil or substance to flourish in; they are the dark pine-trees which take root in and frown over the rifts of the scathed and petrified heart, and are chiefly nourished by the rain of unavailing tears and the vapors of fancy.

There is not a man in the world but desires to be, or to be thought to be, a wise man; and yet, if he considered how little he contributes himself thereunto, he might wonder to find himself in any tolerable degree of understanding.

In reality there is perhaps not one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride. Disguise it, struggle with it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself.

There are two considerations which always embitter the heart of an avaricious man; the one is a perpetual thirst after more riches, the other is the prospect of leaving what he has already acquired.

Gayety and a light heart, in all virtue and decorum, are the best medicine for the young, or rather for all. Solitude and melancholy are poison. They are deadly to all, but, above all, to the young.

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do, as well as to talk; and to make our words and actions all of a color.

It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow only in a barren soil.

There is a law of neutralization of forces, which hinders bodies from sinking beyond a certain depth in the sea; but in the ocean of baseness, the deeper we get, the easier the sinking.

It is certainly a very important lesson to learn how to enjoy ordinary things, and to be able to relish your being, without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite.

The foolish and wicked practice of profane swearing and cursing is a vice so mean and low that every person of sense and character detests and despises it.

To go beyond the bonds of moderation is to outrage humanity. The greatness of the human soul is shown by knowing how to keep within proper bounds.

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.

The World's Happenings.

Black ball dresses are the latest fad at the Newport Casino.

Queretaro, Mexico, has had rain for 27 consecutive days.

A school-teacher on the Pacific coast bears the suggestive name of Wallop.

An "international horse show" is announced to be held in Paris next year.

"Lemenaid" reads the sign over a New York street merchant's establishment.

About 17,000 bills have been introduced into the House of Representatives this session.

A "life-saving saloon" is the latest. The whole saloon slides overboard and becomes a sort of ship.

A New Haven artist has printed a one-dollar bill so realistically that he got $900 for the picture.

Ella Dillingham and Thomas F. Fox, both deaf mutes, were married at Caldwell, N. J., recently.

A New York showman has contracted for 10,000 cats. They are to be given away as matinee souvenirs.

The name "worsted" is derived from a place in Norfolk, England, where the article was first made about 1300.

The flesh of the lark was supposed by the old medicuers to strengthen the voice and increase its sweetness.

A Geneseo, N. J., paper, wishing to say "let bygones be bygones," electrified its readers by saying, "let by gosh be by gosh."

An 18-year old Poughkeepsie girl has been sentenced to five years in the house of refuge for the larceny of a canary bird worth $3.

Railway time tables are now made of convenient size and shape to be inserted inside the cover of a watch for convenient reference.

After a courtship of 24 years a couple were married recently at Hightstown, N. J. The bride is 55 and the groom four years her senior.

A new cradle on top of a new coffin was seen the other day in a wagon going out from Atlanta, Ga., in evidence that life had come at the price of life.

A burglar who entered a Hoboken, N. J., residence and carried off all the silver, wrote with charcoal on the kitchen wall: "I love to take the best in the house."

A Michigan man heard that his grandfather had left him a portion of his fortune, and at the appointed time went to the postoffice to get his check. It was for 17 cents.

A cobbler in Weston, Oregon, having swung in front of his shop as a sign a wooden boot 17 feet long, an exchange maliciously explains that the man is supposed to hail from Chicago.

It is proposed in England to provide judges at race tracks with an instantaneous photographing apparatus by which to tell beyond possibility of doubt the winning horse in a close finish.

A Chicago dead beat is said to be making a handsome living now by advertising for a wife and requiring all applicants to inclose stamp for reply. His mail has to be sent up in a wheelbarrow.

A fakir at Coney Island was caught working a lung tester the other day that innocently registered the exhalations of his customers, but responded to suction with a measure of malt whisky.

The wife of a Breton peasant, for whom the doctor had prescribed leeches, fried the leeches and gave them to her injured husband to eat. He was taken seriously ill, and it was attributed to the leeches.

A safety envelope has been invented which is tinted in such manner as to turn black, blue and red if an attempt is made to open it by wetting or exposing to steam, while it is not affected by moist air or fog.

A campaign torch has been made with an air tube up the handle. By blowing in the tube the flame can be made to leap up about two feet for an instant. The effect of 1000 such spurts of fire at once will be striking.

A young couple were married at Glen Falls, N. Y., recently. The groom's father is stepfather of the bride, and the bride's mother is stepmother of the groom. Of course, the young people were not blood relatives, but they were technically brother and sister all the same.

At the Isle of Wight Agricultural Society recently Queen Victoria took three prizes for farm horses, one for Jersey cattle and four for Down sheep, winning the champion prize for the best ram and the reward for the best pair of ewes.

Six-Killer is the name of an Indian who lives in the Indian Territory. The other day a reporter, curious as to the redskin's name, asked him if he had killed six men, to which he replied that he had killed seven, but one of them was a newspaper reporter, which didn't count.

At Macdonough, Ga., the negro church was blown down, and when 7000 to 10,000 of them came thither to a district conference, the whites flung wide the doors and pulpits of their churches, and many of them went and heard good sermons and singing that was simply glorious, from black preachers and choristers.

At Versailles, Ky., Dr. Campbell has been causing people to open their eyes. He claims to have located the Garden of Eden in the United States. He says that the city of St. Louis is erected on the site of the Garden, and that the Mississippi is none other than the Euphrates River. He calls on the Bible to prove all his statements.

A restaurant keeper at the London Zoo ordered an employe to take two barrels of buns to the bear pit, meaning to the refreshment bar near the pit. The man took him at his word and dumped the buns to the bears. The animals were knee deep in them when the restaurant keeper found out what had been done, and ordered the employe to go down into the pit and get the buns back. The man handed in his resignation.

PARTED.

BY CECIL LORRAINE.

The birds' low song is nearly over,
The blossoms fade upon the tree,
Cut and dried is the scented clover,
And thou art far from me.

My heart can still keep up its beating,
My eyes can still be free from tears,
Altho' I know our happy meeting
Lives but in vanish'd years.

O me—O me—the sweet caressing
Of thy dear lips laid close to mine;
O me—O me—the tender pressing
When my hand folded thine.

All—all is past, and we are parted,
Thy way in life is not my way,
And I must roam on broken-hearted,
While thou art far away.

White Lilac.

BY EFFIE RALEIGH.

I FEEL I am asking a great deal, dear Lela, but you are always so sympathetic and understand so well how things are that somehow I have not the hesitation I ought to have in making this demand on your affection and relationship; if matters would only mend a bit and I could see my way clearly I would bring Sybil up to town myself; but it seems to me that our pecuniary condition gets worse and worse. Robert is really quite awful in his depression, and if it depended on him Sybil would never leave Broadborough at all; but it is absolutely necessary that she should come out this season and in my despair I have thought of you. I hope she will not prove a great bother to you; I assure you she is not only capable but willing to assist you in anything, so do not fail to make her useful. I inclose a list of the things I have imagined she would require, and have managed to squeeze the accompanying cheque out of Robert. Please make it to go as far as you can, but should it be insufficient I will refund any sum you may spend as my rents come in. With deep gratitude, for I know you will not refuse me, dearest Lela,—Your most affectionate aunt,

EVELYN LESTER."

Lela Hampton tossed the loosely-scrawled letter on to the table near and smiled to herself faintly.

"Anything very amusing in your correspondence? if so, please share the joke."

Lela glanced across at the man lounging in the most luxurious chair in the room, he was smoking in a lazy, desultory kind of way, watching the filmy tobacco clouds melt and vanish against the subdued lamp light and wondering vaguely why he always felt so much more comfortable in this house than in any other that he frequented.

"It is a joke and it isn't," she answered. "Aunt Evelyn is sending her beloved Sybil up to town to-morrow and I am to chaperone her; I wonder how George will like it."

"If Sybil is pretty he will not object."

Mrs. Hampton frowned very slightly.

"At times," she remarked quietly, "you say very curious things, Sir Philip."

Sir Philip bent forward and snook off the ash of his cigarette into a dainty little dish standing among other nick-nacks at his elbow.

"I always speak the truth, it is a remnant of my barbarous education; but please tell me more about this. So you are to play the role of chaperone at last. Well, it will be a novelty and you may like it. I have my doubts, however."

"If Sybil takes after Aunt Evelyn she will prove amusing," Mrs. Hampton remarked, rising from her chair and moving slowly to the open window, through which the late May twilight and the soft evening air crept invitingly. "So like Aunt Evelyn," Lela laughed. "Sybil must come out this year, and the last drawing-room took place a fortnight ago."

"Is a drawing-room actually necessary to a *debutante's* salvation?"

"It is generally considered so."

"I loathe doing things that are generally considered necessary," observed Sir Philip, rising also and standing with his back to the empty fire-grate in the fashion dear to the masculine heart; "and so I hereby make a vow that my wife shall not be 'saved' so far as the farce of a drawing-room is concerned, it is a horrible expense and generally ends in a bad headache."

"I leave you to argue that question with the individual who will take more interest in the subject than I do."

Lela turned from the window, moving across the room, a marvellously graceful figure, with her white dress of some soft clinging stuff falling in long straight folds, the work of an artist hand.

She stooped over a huge bowl of white lilac as she spoke and touched the delicate blooms caressingly.

"I don't feel equal to an argument with anybody to-night," Philip Osborne observed lazily, his dark eyes watching her every graceful pose with much satisfaction.

"Why not join George in the study? You have just half-an-hour before anybody comes, and you look sleepy."

Lela drew out a spray of the lilac from the bowl and passed it softly across her lips.

"I believe you are a bit of a mesmerist, Le— Mrs. Hampton!" Osborn said, with a fleeting smile, as he pushed himself upright and sauntered across to her side.

"I certainly seem to have a soporific effect on you, for you are always half asleep when you are with me."

He put out his hand and took the piece of lilac from her small fingers.

"I often wonder," he said in a low voice, "what the real fascination is that this flower has for you."

Lela laughed, but his eyes noted the change in her face.

"A mere whim, Sir Philip, and a rather expensive one, as George is always telling me. Oh! of course not now, when every tiny garden in the country boasts of its lilac bush, but in autumn and winter months it is a different matter, I can assure you."

Philip Osborne looked down at the spray of white blossoms he held.

"There is always a reason at the root of a whim, Mrs. Hampton."

"Is there?" Lela moved away to another corner and seated herself before her writing table. "George has taught me a different doctrine; he says women never have reasons, they always act from intuition. Please don't think me very rude, but I must answer Aunt Evelyn's letter."

"And agree to her request?"

"Naturally, what else can I do? besides, I shall be glad to have Sybil with me. I have an idea she is nice, and I want a companion badly."

Sir Philip stood twisting the flower to and fro in his fingers.

"Do you remember the old garden at Chestnut?" he said at last, breaking a long pause.

Lela's pen stopped, she hesitated for a moment.

"I remember nothing beyond my marriage two years ago," she said very quietly and distinctly.

He came slowly up to her chair.

"Is it so easy to forget, Lela?" he asked, and the tone of his voice sent the quick hot blood coursing through her veins; for one moment a sort of mad ecstasy seized her, but she controlled herself by a supreme effort of will.

"I find it so," she answered, still very quietly.

They were both silent for a moment. Outwardly she was as calm and cold as the marble statuette that gleamed from beyond the palm tree, but her heart was beating wildly, and scent of that spray of lilac that rested on her shoulder awoke a hundred dreams, memories and yearnings that she had thought were dead and buried for ever.

Why did he speak like this? Why drag up the ghost of a past that was full of sorrow and discomfort? To what end? She put down her pen resolutely and rose from her chair.

"After all, I can write to Aunt Evelyn in the morning, or better still, telegraph," she said in the lightest manner possible.

Philip Osborne placed the lilac spray on a table very gently.

"I hope you will let me assist you all I can, when your cousin arrives. I am always at your service, Mrs. Hampton."

"You are always very kind," Lela answered, with a faint stress on the adjective, "and I gladly accept your offer, Sir Philip—only don't blame me if you find yourself careering off to the Tower or Hampton Court, or some such cockney delight. Recollect, Sybil has never been to London before, and will probably want to see everything."

"The prospect has it charms, and I hereby boldly declare I mean to enjoy myself."

"A rash declaration. Are you going?" as he held out his hand. "Perhaps you will look in later. I expect some good music, it might serve to keep you awake."

Philip Osborne smiled as his hand clasped over hers.

"I think I would rather dream to-night," he said; and bending his head, he touched her fingers gently with his lips. "I have the advantage over you on one point, Lela, for I never forget."

He held her hand an instant longer, and the next was gone.

Lela stood very still as she was alone, she was by nature impulsive and emotional, but her two years of married life had at least taught her the art of self-constraint in its highest degree.

Her thoughts were a curious medley; she was grieved and disturbed, yet a chord of wild delight seemed struck suddenly in her heart.

Philip loved her still! Philip, her hero, her knight of chivalry in those old lost days when she had been free and happy from morning till night.

The old garden at Chestnut he had said; did she remember it? Would she ever forget it? the one spot on earth that was dear to her, the home of her childish joys and sorrows, the birthplace of that dream which despite all lived in her heart as fresh as when it had first dawned.

Even as she stood now gazing steadfastly before her, the costly surroundings of her room faded slowly away, and she saw instead the low-roofed cottage house nestling among the trees, its quaint old walls covered with clinging wisteria and jessamine, beneath her feet she could feel the soft velvet of the lawn, and hear the cawing of the rooks in the wood beyond; in fancy she saw herself kneeling beside the curiously shaped flower-beds, pranked with standard rose trees, asters, marigolds and sweet-william; while close to the low wooden gate grew her favorite lilac bush, each branch burdened with white blossoms, till the whole tree resembled one huge bouquet swaying and nodding a fragrant greeting on the early summer air.

There were other lilacs scattered in this old world garden, but none of them held so dear a place in her heart as this—it was there close beneath its scented branches that she had listened for Philip's coming, there his lips had first touched hers, there with eyes blinded by tears as hot and bitter as ever sorrow provoked, she had read the letter in which he relinquished all claim upon her life, and left her free to satisfy her father's will, and marry rich George Hampton.

The Osbornes had been poor from time immemorial. Lela grew up in her father's rectory accustomed to long stories of the crises and climaxes that were a daily occurrence up at the Hall.

Improvident and reckless as he was selfish, old Squire Osborne never heeded the day of reckoning till the day came, and then there was the usual affair.

Madam in tears, the Squire furious with rage, Philip wretched, and nothing settled till Sir William came to his brother's rescue, and started the ball rolling again.

Philip was brought up to do nothing.

"He will inherit Scarsdale and all Bill's money; he does not need to work," the squire always shouted when his wife ventured on a remonstrance, and so Philip, nothing loth, be it confessed, passed the whole of his days with his horse and dogs, a fishing-rod in hand in summer, to be replaced by a gun when the autumn winds were busy sweeping away the leaves, and Lela was his friend and *confidante* in all. They had been boy and girl playmates, and the last thing that either of their respective parents thought or wished was a warmer feeling between the two.

Naturally, the first thing to happen was the unexpected. Under the white lilac tree in the soft balmy hush of a May evening Lela and Philip discovered that they were more than friends; it was so very strange, and yet so simple, and were ever two young people in the whole wide world so happy as they?

Unfortunately, their pretty pastoral romance did not meet with approval. The squire shouted and stormed, the vicar pondered and remonstrated, but the lovers were firm until a new influence was brought to bear on the matter.

This was Lela's aunt, Lady Lester, who, thoroughly appreciating her brother's disapproval to young Osborne as being altogether too idle and unsuitable for a husband, carried Lela off to Broadborough, and manœuvred so well that before a month had gone George Hampton, who was one of Lady Lester's pet young men, had laid himself and his fortune at the girl's feet.

Lela would have struggled against this fate to the bitter end had not Philip, overcome by his father's swearing, the rector's cold condemnation, and Lady Lester's worldly pleading, suddenly resigned all claim upon her, and "acting as a man of honor should act," to quote his own words, stood on one side and permitted his rival to triumph.

It was a horrible shock to Lela's proud, staunch nature, and in the first moment o suffering she took the step all were urging upon her, and consented to become George Hampton's wife.

Looking back on the two years of her married life, Lela could not ostensibly find much cause or right to grumble.

Granted there was not the smallest accord or sympathy between herself and her husband, was that, after all, a fault of hers?

She had known him at his true worth before her marriage, and having married him, knowing him as he was, she told herself she should be content.

Everything that money could give her was hers. She was beautiful and the world treated her kindly, but that she was happy, really and truly happy, during one hour of her luxurious life could never be said. There had been one flicker of possible joy when her child had come, but that great hope was buried in the little one's coffin, and when the first keenness of disappointment had gone Lela rejoiced her baby had not lived.

She had become pessimistic, and she shuddered as she pictured to herself the griefs and trials that would have fallen to her child's share.

Her love for Philip Osborne was as strong as ever, but it was the memory of the old Philip she guarded, not the rich young baronet who, about a year ago, had succeeded, through his uncle and his father's death, to both wealth and a title, and was accorded a hearty welcome by the world.

It had not been long before Sir Philip had found himself a guest at Mrs. Hampton's dainty table, and the two met apparently with as much ease and pleasantness as though no cloud or memory of the past hung between them.

Lela, with her knowledge of the world, read her old lover with quiet discernment. She saw his weakness, his selfishness, his vacillation, where everybody else only read wit, determination, strong individuality and fascination.

If the fascination was there still, Lela Hampton had hitherto strenuously shut her eyes to it.

Never until to-night had Philip drawn so close to the dangerous pitfall, which Lela knew must lurk beneath the smooth even path of their present friendship, and now at these very first words whispered in the voice of long ago, all her courage, pride and determination had given way, and her woman's heart and woman's weakness craved for the love that had proved itself already so poor.

Of a certainty woman is an enigma!

It was declared by more than one present in her house that night that Lela Hampton had never looked more beautiful; the flush of color on her delicate cheeks was an additional charm in one who was usually so pale, and her graceful manner once more won its way into the hearts of old friends and those strangers who met her for the first time and who henceforward would swell the chorus of admiration and popularity she so universally enjoyed.

Sybil Lester arrived two days later, and Lela took a fancy to her at once.

The girls had had no opportunity of knowing one another for Sybil had been abroad at school for the last five or six years, and before that had lived in the north of England.

"A deuced pretty girl, by gad!" George Hampton observed as he made his luncheon off his fifth brandy and soda, "but you must tog her out a bit, Lela."

The entrance of Sybil saved a reply, and for a time the conversation was confined to Mr. Hampton, who endeavored to make himself as agreeable as he knew how to his wife's pretty cousin.

Sybil glanced many times at Lela's beautiful face during this meal.

"And this is the wonderful happy marriage that mamma is always talking about and congratulating herself upon having arranged. "Only marry as well as your cousin Lela has done and you will make me the happiest mother in the world!' As well as Lela has done! Why, I believe he is not sober now and he looks horrid—oh! poor Lela."

Later in the day Mrs. Hampton's dainty victoria turned into the park and drew up under the shade of the trees.

"This is where we play at being in the country," Lela observed with a faint smile.

Sybil was delighted with everything and everbody.

"How pretty it all is! and how sweet of you to have me with you, Lela; I know now I am going to be very, very happy in London, and would you believe, I actually cried when I said good-bye to dad at Broadborough yesterday."

Lela opened her sunshade rather hurriedly; her lovely face grew pink hued underneath it, and she held out her hand a little nervously.

"Isn't it a glorious day? Sybil, dear, let me introduce you to Sir Philip Osborne—an old friend."

Philip said something pleasant to the bright, pretty-eyed girl, but his gaze did not rest on her long, he seemed drawn as by some magnetic power to look at that other face, so beautiful with its delicate shape, its red smiling lips, its deep grey eyes that ever and again grew black with excitement or some such passing emotion.

It seemed odd to him as he stood there chatting in the sunshine, to remember that those eyes had filled with a delirium of love for him, that those sweet red lips had once belonged to him; all of a sudden a craving for the past came upon him; he was determined he would shatter this barrier of easy indifference which Lela had raised between herself and him—would it be so difficult a task?

From her face he could gather no hint, but by the restless movement of her hand, by the quiver of the white lilac spray that nestled among the laces at her breast, he knew that, however much she might have insisted on forgetfulness last night, remembrance was restored to her to-day.

"What a handsome young man," Sybil declared as they drove away; "he says he knows mamma, Lela, but I never remember hearing her speak of him."

Lela gave a quick sigh born of relief.

So Sybil knew nothing of that past story; she was glad, yet she was angry for being glad.

What madness had come over her all at once! For the last year she had met Philip Osborne almost every day, she had grown accustomed to see him, to regard him as a friend, resolutely stamping out any agitation or discomfort his presence might bring, and now she breathed a sigh of relief because Sybil was ignorant as to what had been.

Was she so weak as to be completely changed because Philip had very foolishly indulged in a momentary dash of sentiment?

She was angry with herself and deeply mortified, but despite that she talked away merrily enough all the way home.

Sybil Lester found no reason to change her opinion about her visit to London; she actually did go to the Tower, Hampton Court, and even Mme. Tussaud's, and enjoyed them immensely, but not one whit more than Lela or Philip Osborne, who penetrated the mysteries of these well-known haunts for the first time.

About a fortnight had gone since Sybil's arrival, and but for one thing the girl would have been perfectly happy—that one thing was her cousin's husband.

Living in the house it was impossible to hide matters from Sybil's eyes, and, young as she was, she could not smother her indignation.

"Oh, Lela! how can you stand it?" she cried one morning, with tears in her eyes; "it isn't only that he is always drunk, but he abuses you so shamefully. Why did you marry him? He may have all the money in the world, but oh! I would sooner starve than live with him."

"You will never be put to the test, dearest," Lela answered with a smile, then she looked as if she would say more, but instead she walked slowly from the room.

Gradually the unconscious bond of that sweeter and stronger sympathy had increased between Lela and her old lover. He never transgressed again—he made no more allusions to the past, but he was more tender, less cynical, than formerly. She found herself revelling in the peace of his society—craving for it when he was gone—dreaming of their next meeting all day long.

It was a dangerous mood that had come upon her.

Ascot passed; the heat was thoroughly un-English, and almost unbearable. Sybil was fairly launched on to the wave of fashion; she was a great success, and not a living soul knew, or would ever know, the comfort she was to her lovely cousin. Gossip, always busy, had commenced to embroider a new scandal, using the names of Philip Osborne and Lela Hampton as the chief points in the matter.

It was considered a very smart move this appearance of Sybil on the scene, and Mrs. Hampton's great tact was much lauded.

Lela, living in a halcyon dream, beyond which she neither saw nor desired to see anything, lost her discretion for the time. Gossip was right; Philip Osborne was her daily companion, but her eyes were blinded with the fever of love released, and she forgot her wisdom in delight.

An end had come to the friendship, and Sybil was unconsciously to blame for this, but, full of affection and indignation, she had poured out to Philip long stories of what Lela's life was passed with a drunken, dissolute creature, whose very presence was an insult to a pure woman. It was late one evening that Philip spoke openly to Lela again.

What need to chronicle what he said: he was carried away by his feelings, and she, weakened by the mental struggle which had lingered so long, forgot to reproach him—forgot aught but that it was Philip, her older dear love, who held her in his arms and kissed her pale, cold lips.

"Swear to me, Lela," he whispered, as she dragged herself from him at last, and entreated him to go, "swear that, if the day comes that you feel you can bear this life no longer, you will come to me. Whenever it is, if it be years on, I will wait for you, Lela, my darling, my first and only love. No, do not send me away yet. You have not spoken—you have not promised. Lela, swear to do this for your love's sake."

And, looking into his eyes with her own dim and misty, she gave him the promise he asked.

The season rolled on; July was drawing to an end.

Sybil went back to Broadborough with many regrets, and Lela remained in town waiting for her husband to give the signal for their departure. She might have gone away in half-a-dozen directions, but her husband, who had drank himself into a cantankerous mood, vetoed every project submitted to him.

With Sybil gone, and London growing more empty every day, she felt indescribably mournful and depressed.

She dared hardly venture to do a thing she liked, for George Hampton's perversity was passing words. She could not quite account for the change in him; he had always been more or less intoxicated since their marriage, but he had never shown himself so abusive and violent before.

It was not long before she learnt the cause; in one of his horrible tempers he hurled the name of Philip Osborne at her head, and said such things as made her shiver as she listened. She sat very quiet when she was alone, but suddenly she rose to her feet.

"The time has come that Philip spoke of. I can bear my life no longer. I swore to go to him and will go."

She knew he was still in town although they had not met for a fortnight. She dressed mechanically, putting on quiet dark garments and stripping her hands of the diamonds her husband's money had placed there.

She would take nothing that belonged to him. She moved about the room in a calm methodical manner, even putting away some lace she had worn in its accustomed corner.

When she was ready she walked down to the drawing-room. How still and ghostly it looked in the twilight, the scent of the flowers greeted her as she entered; she went up to them and drawing out a spray of white lilac from the costly china pinned it in her dress.

"It shall be an omen for happiness to come," she said, and yet her heart was like a stone in her breast.

The drive through the streets was like a dream in which each familiar spot and object stood out with curious distinctness.

Sir Philip was at home.

Lela passed up the stairs; she had been here before many times and knew her way too well.

"You need not announce me," she had said, and the man had obeyed her.

She remembered as she went the agony of shame that had stifled her when she first ascended this staircase.

She had no such feeling now, only a vague relief that she was free, utterly, entirely free.

She opened the door of the dining-room. It was empty, but, through the folding partition she saw into the next apartment; Philip was there in his hat and overcoat, his portmanteau lay open at his feet, he was busy throwing papers and old letters into it. He looked round swiftly.

"Lela," he exclaimed, and then, as he caught sight of her face, he added involuntarily, "my goodness!"

Lela stood with one hand leaning against the door. Her heart seemed to wake into being again, she felt it beating and throbbing in her throat, her eyes went eagerly to his face.

"Yes, it is I, Lela; I have kept my promise, Philip."

"Kept your promise," he repeated blindly; he fell back a step or two. "What, what do you mean, Lela?" he asked hoarsely.

"I have left my home; the time has come when I can endure my life no longer. You made me swear I would come to you, Philip, and I am here."

Her voice was low but distinct, her eyes never left his face. He broke the silence at last.

"And my letter," he asked still in the same hoarse tone, "you—you have not had it yet?"

She shook her head.

"Did you write to me? I am sorry. I like to treasure every letter you send; did you want me, Philip?"

He cleared his throat and clenched his hands. What a horrible position for a man. Another hour and he would have been gone, he would have escaped this. Desperation gave him some courage.

"Lela, you are doing a mad thing; you must go home at once before it is too late. Hartley will call you a cab. My dear girl, don't you see how awful this is!"

"You made me swear to come, and I have come."

The words dropped from her pale lips one by one.

"I was mad when I made you swear such a vow. I was wicked—wrong—what you will," he spoke hurriedly, feverishly. "Lela, you know it is impossible, you must go home again. God knows I am sorry enough for all that has happened, but, you see, if you had only read my letter, all would have been explained."

"All, what?" Lela's two hands were clenched tightly together now.

"I have done it for the best, on my honor I swear it. I have thought only of you. People have been talking lately. Your good name is dearer to me than my life. There was but one thing to do—silence these slanderous tongues. Sybil was always with us, it was natural I should admire her, and so—Lela, don't stare at me like that!—so two days ago I wrote, proposed to her, and here . . . here is a letter from your aunt accepting my offer. It is best, believe me, it is best!"

"Sybil your wife!"

The two clenched hands went up to her heart and rested there. She said no more, her eyes full of illimitable agony and despair never left his face, but as he made a step towards her she retreated suddenly.

"Lela, do not go like that; say you forgive me. I cannot bear to see you and know——"

She put her hand suddenly to ward off his touch, then turning went swiftly away before he had time to speak or move.

He made no attempt to follow her. He heard the rustle of her skirts die away on the stairs, he heard the door close beneath and he roused himself with a start.

"Well, it is over, thank goodness," he muttered; "it might have been worse."

He brushed his brow with his hand and then went on with his packing. As he turned at last to pass out of the room his eye caught the gleam of something lying on the carpet at his feet. He stooped to pick it up. It was a broken spray of white lilac.

At a Moorish Window.

BY M. L. C.

MOZO, what is there worth seeing in this town of yours?" said I to the waiter at the Fonda de Cadiz, the day after my arrival at that hotel.

The waiter said of course that Cadiz was full of curious and interesting sights, and proceeded to give me my choice between the cathedral, the hospital of San Juan de Dios, the Lopez docks and Murillo's last picture.

I chose the latter, because, being of a sentimental disposition, I saw an opening for a burst of fine feeling at sight of the picture which cost the great painter his life.

Cathedrals and hospitals are all very well, but they have been sentimentalized over rather too much, while as for docks, they are quite out of place in the land of Don Quixote.

I have the profoundest contempt for the race of valets-de-place, so I preferred asking my way to the church where the Murillo is kept, from my waiter, to employing one of those bores, I knew I should lose myself, but cared not for that; I was used to it in new places, and found asking my way at every street corner an easy, unceremonious way of making acquaintance with the natives.

I was told that the church was close to the ramparts on the opposite side of Cadiz from the Fonda, and I could reach it either by following the sea-wall all round, or by striking right across and making a short cut through the heart of the town.

I decided to go that way as being more interesting than the other. Full of directions from the waiter, I started off across the wide sunny Plaza San Antonio, and plunged into the labyrinth of narrow streets behind it; in these I promptly lost myself, they wound about in such a peculiar way, ended abruptly in such queer little courts, and began again so unexpectedly from nothing at all, that I soon gave up all idea of trying to follow out the waiter's instructions, and strolled along leaving all to chance, careless whither my morning's walk might lead me.

In the course of my wanderings I came upon a cavernous old doorway, wide and low; at one side of it sat a blind beggar, at the other, behind a little table, a public letter-writer plied his trade. He was writing a letter for a black-eyed girl dressed in a gay print morning-gown; she wore a strip of black gauze over head, and stood behind the writer, one hand on her hip, the other gathering the fold of her head-gear on her breast, while with her eyes she followed every movement of the writer's pen.

The scene struck me: framed in the dark old archway it made so characteristic a picture that I lingered and looked about to see whether there was any convenient spot from whence I could make a sketch. I was in a very small square or court; one side was formed by the building to which the old archway belonged.

Opposite was a similar arch, and inside it a large stone; this was just what I wanted, so down I sat and took my sketch-book. It was very quiet in this nook; the blind beggar strummed away on an old guitar, and crooned out a plaintive minor air which blended well enough with the surroundings, otherwise all was still. I sketched as quickly as I could, trying to get the group in before the writer finished the letter.

Suddenly a deep-drawn sigh, which sounded just behind my shoulder, made me give a start and look quickly round into the gloomy depths of the arch behind me.

My eyes were now used to the dim light, and I perceived, what had escaped me on taking my seat, that I was not the only occupant of the gateway. Back in the shadow leant a man, wrapped so closely in a large *capa* that even had there been more light I could not have distinguished his features.

He took no notice of me, and after one look I turned and went on with my drawing. A few minutes more and the girl took her letter, put some money into the writer's hand, and tripped away.

The scribe stretched himself, and looked all round the court, then coming to the conclusion that no more customers were coming at present, he climbed up a tumble-down little flight of steps, which led to a sort of den in the thickness of the wall, and there squatted like a huge spider on the look-out for flies.

The blind beggar also rose and moved slowly off, and the archway was deserted. I stayed to put in a little window above the arch, which I recognised as a bit of old Moorish workmanship. Like all Moorish windows, it seemed to have been constructed more for ornament than use: little enough light or air could have penetrated into the chamber it was supposed to give light to, and a *reja*, while a pair of large almond-shaped eyes looked wistfully down into the street.

A quick movement behind me told who the eyes were seeking, and not wishing to spoil sport, I bent over my drawing and feigned to be quite absorbed in it. Then the man in the *capa* stepped forward, and without leaving the shelter of the arch, showed himself for a moment at its entrance.

The little hand waved a greeting, something white fluttered down to the ground, then I heard the window shut, and all was again quiet.

A few minutes passed before I got up, put away my drawing, and went out into the court; when I did so, the mysterious man who seemed to wait on my movements, stepped quickly before me, and going under the window, stood there as if lost in thought, his arms folded, and his chin sunk on his breast.

I observed, however, that he had planted his foot on the scrap of paper which had fallen from the window, and my curiosity leading me to look over my shoulder as I walked away, I saw him pick it up, thrust it in his pocket, and depart hastily. I was quite enchanted with my luck in having, as it were, rushed headlong in the middle of a Spanish romance.

My sketch was now invested with a living interest, and my imagination proceeded to add all sorts of details to fill out the story of the beauteous lady at the Moorish window, and her silent lover. Musing thus, I sauntered down a street, or rather passage, leading out of the little square on the opposite side from that on which I had entered; it was so narrow that the balconies above nearly met and excluded every ray of sunlight, though it was now midday.

On one hand, I still had the house I had been sketching; it was a vast building, and its barred windows looked cold and dead.

All at once I came out on another little *plaza*, cleaner and brighter than the first. Here was the front door of the old house, which was all surrounded by carving, and surmounted by images of saints.

On one side of me was a church, while right in front a steep flight of steps led to some higher ground above.

I was tired of grovelling in the dark, airless streets, so I quickly mounted the steps, and found myself out on the ramparts in the brilliant sunshine. Spread before me lay the sparkling, dancing, blue sea, on either side stretched the long white line of buildings which skirt the sea-wall, and whose contrast with the deep blue water has made Spanish writers compare sea-girt Cadiz to a pearl lying in a case of blue velvet.

I was quite dazzled by the sudden change from darkness to light, and I turned to look down the steps into the shadowy regions I had left; as I did so, my eye caught an inscription on the wall.

I read, and found it commemorated the height to which the water rose when the tidal wave, caused by the great earthquake of Lisbon, swept over Cadiz.

I thought of the maze of little streets below me, pictured what it would be like to be caught in their winding intricacies by the rushing, boiling waves, and with a shudder began to think of something else. Just then I saw the blind beggar sitting on the steps beside me, making his noontide meal off prickly pears.

I gave him a few *cuartos*, asking at the same time to whom belonged the archway in which he had spent his morning. His reply was that it belonged to a convent of Carmelite nuns.

My interest in what I had seen was considerably heightened by this revelation. A person of strict principles would perhaps have thought it his duty to knock at the front door, and inform the lady abbess that one of her nuns was carrying on a flirtation out of a back window; but as I have already stated, I am of a sentimental turn, and preferred to let my fancy rove, and imagine all sorts of romantic stories about the damsel shut up in the gloomy old convent.

Perhaps she had not yet taken the veil, but, confined by cruel parents who wished to force her to take a step she abhorred, she was endeavoring to arrange matters with her lover so as to be able to fly before the fatal day arrived.

I heartily sympathized with her, and gave the pair my most cordial wishes for success, though, as I thought of the thickness of the walls, and the uncompromising iron *rejas*, I doubted very much their ever getting beyond looks and letters.

Turning all this over in my mind, I went back to the hotel, and finding my sympathetic waiter on the look-out for me, informed him that though I had not found the Murillo, I had seen many interesting things, and was quite satisfied with my morning's ramble.

I spent the afternoon in that half dozing state which the heat of a summer afternoon in Andalusia causes.

Dinner roused me; it was better than I expected, considering the odor of rancid oil which had pervaded the Fonda for some hours before its appearance. In the evening I went out.

All Cadiz was airing itself; the streets were full. Between 8 o'clock and midnight is the gayest and most bustling time in the twenty-four hours, and I passed whole families sitting at their doors, groups of ladies escorted by their cavaliers, and even children with their nurses, all come out to breathe the cool evening air.

I left the streets and squares and went out on the Alameda, an open promenade by the sea. It was a moonlight night, and all was bathed in that curious luminous blue haze which gives such a queer look of unreality to everything round about, and which we never see in our colder clime. The palms at each end of the Alameda looked gigantic in the strange weird light, and hung their great plumes as if resting after the weary heat of the day.

I wandered on, left the Alameda, with its groups of people, and followed the sea wall till I got to the lighthouse at the extreme seaward point of the ramparts.

Here I sat down and drank in the pure sea air, and rejoiced in the calm beauty of the night.

When I got up it was late, but I hesitated about taking the way back to the Fonda. It was too lovely to go and shut myself up in a close bedroom, where I should probably not sleep even when I was in bed.

I wondered how the little Moorish window looked in the moonlight, and whether the lovers held converse from it by night; and following my thoughts, I took the opposite direction from my hotel, and went on till I found myself at the head of the flight of steps, with the inscription about the Lisbon earthquake on the wall before me.

I descended, and was not long in arriving at the little *plaza*, and here, to my great joy, I found that I had not come in vain. A ray of moonlight fell across the window, lighting up its quaint outline, and showing me that it was open, and that leaning out, her face pressed against her prison bars, was the beautiful girl.

A man stood below in the shadow. He had his back to me, and was looking up; and they were carrying on one of those conversations so dear to Spanish lovers, which, are suggestive of a crick in the neck.

This sort of love-making is quite a necessary part of courtship in Andalusia, and is winked at, if not encouraged, by parents and guardians; and had I not known that the window belonged to a convent, I should have felt no surprise at finding my pair of lovers thus engaged. A sensible man would have turned his back on a scene which was no earthly business of his; but a fantastic idea struck me: suppose I were to try to make a moonlight sketch of the window and archway, a pendant to the first, and call them Night and Morning.

The side of the *plaza* from which I had taken my morning's sketch was in deep shadow, and I crept quietly round, keeping close under the houses, hoping to escape attention.

When I reached my post of observation, I found that there, in the shadow, I had not light enough to draw by, and was about to make my exit as secretly as I had come, when some noise from within seemed to startle the girl.

She glanced over her shoulder, then, dropping a rose she held in her hand to her lover, hastily withdrew, and shut the window.

The man caught the flower, pressed it to his lips, and then, greatly to my discomposure, came right across the little *plaza* to my hiding-place. Whether he merely came to take refuge there, in case his lady-love came back to her window that night, or whether he had seen me arrive, I know not; at any rate, he was too much of a Spaniard to show any surprise when he found himself face to face with [redacted].

"Do me the favor to follow me, Senor," said he haughtily, after looking me over from head to foot. "This is not the place to settle our quarrel in."

I quite agreed with him there. A dark archway at midnight was the last place I should choose to stay in with a jealous Spaniard.

He turned on his heel without waiting for any reply, and walked off, while I followed, wondering very much how my adventure was going to end. He did not seem to fear any trying to escape, for he strode on up the steps and out into the clear moonlight without ever turning his head.

On my side, I felt I had gone too far to retreat honorably, and when he turned along the ramparts in the opposite direction from that in which I had come, I still kept pace with him.

We walked on in silence, till we reached a desolate spot, where the fortifications cross the narrow neck of sand which joins Cadiz to the mainland.

Here the fine houses which fringe the sea-wall stop, and their place is taken ill-looking wine-shops, *carabineros'* barracks, prisons and such-like.

A deep ditch, into which the sea can be turned, cuts the town off from the desert isthmus of sand, beyond which lie those dismal marshes, where one dark night in the beginning of this century, a whole regiment of French soldiers, misled by a treacherous guide, met a miserable death.

Arrived at this sinister-looking spot, the stranger stopped and faced me.

"Here we shall not be disturbed," said he. "Draw, and defend yourself!"

And flinging off his *capa*, he gave that peculiar twist of the arm, familiar to all Spaniards, by which the cloak is wrapped by one movement round the left arm, and thus serves as a shield.

At the time he touched a spring in his walking-stick, out of which a slender blade sprang, and thus in a moment stood fully armed before me.

I closed my fists instinctively, they being the only weapons about me; but feeling their inadequacy, I said:

"Excuse me, Senor, I am unarmed."

"You lie!" cried the Spaniard; "only a madman would walk out at night unarmed. Defend yourself!"

And he advanced menacingly.

"Liar, yourself!" cried I, getting angry. "Search me, feel my pockets—you will see I have no weapon concealed on me."

"Ah! you are really unarmed!" said my enemy, letting the point of his rapier, which had been flourishing uncomfortably near my nose, fall. "'Loco como un Ingles.' Mad as an Englishman. You are all mad. Our proverb is true."

And he burst out laughing.

I began to suspect I had been made a fool of, and a strong desire came upon me to kick my mysterious enemy over the rampart.

"If you have brought me all this way only to laugh at me——" I began.

"No, Senor, no, not for that, but to teach you not to meddle in other people's affairs."

After all, the fellow had some right on his side—I had no business to spy; my conduct laid me open to misapprehension. I thought I had better take the matter good-humoredly, and try to negotiate "peace with honor."

"Well, Senor, I have been indiscreet, I admit, but believe me, I had no evil intentions. Accept my apologies for having unintentionally offended you."

My adversary, who was a handsome young fellow, when seen out of his *capa*, seemed satisfied.

"Good!" said he, "but you must give me your word of honor to watch no more under the window of Dona Aurora Silva. I am her lover, she desires no other."

"The promise is easily given, considering that I never aspired to supplant you," said I, and we turned and began to walk towards the town together.

My companion seemed to lose all distrust of me, and informed be that his name was Pepe Garcia.

I, on my side, explained my presence in the *plaza*, and added that my curiosity had been excited by hearing that the window belonged to a convent.

"Goodness gracious!" cried Don Pepe. "So you thought I was making love to a nun. No, Senor, I am no coward, but that sort of thing is too dangerous in this country."

I told him that I supposed his lady-love was shut up against her will by cruel par[redacted].

"Wrong again," said Don Pepe, growing confidential, and linking his arm in mine. "You seem a good fellow, and I owe you something for bringing you out here on a wild-goose chase, so I will satisfy your curiosity. You must know that Dona Aurora Silva is not only the most beautiful girl in Cadiz, but one of the best born, and as her parents are dead, she lives with her grandmother, who is Medina Sadonia. Now the Garcias have been Cadiz merchants as long as they have been anything worth mentioning, and the old lady, who is as proud as a Lucifer, has declared that no power in heaven or earth shall ever induce her to give her consent to Aurora's marriage with [redacted]."

"Then I am not wrong," I interrupted.

"Pardon. You do not understand how we manage these things here. A Spanish girl cannot run away as your American girls do, but when she is of age, if her parents refuse their consent to a marriage that has no other legal drawback, she goes to a convent, and puts herself under the protection of the Church. Having taken this step, she is bound to stay in the convent for a year, during which time she is not allowed to see her lover."

Here Don Pepe winked.

"At the end of the time of probation, if she solemnly declares that time and reflection have made no change in her feelings, her relations are called upon to give their consent, and if they still refuse, the Superior of the convent is bound to take their place, and the marriage is celebrated. Now you understand why Aurora is living in that old convent, and how useful that little Moorish window, which belongs to an unused cell, is to us. We may not meet otherwise, and a year, Senor Ingles, is a long time to be separated from one's sweetheart."

I agreed with him, and again expressed my regret at having disturbed his tryst. Talking thus, we had reached the Plaza San Antonio, where we wished each other good-bye.

Don Pepe, in the grandiloquent Spanish way, placed his house and all that he possessed at my service. I responded by giving him my address and inviting him to stay with me if he ever he came my way.

He has never appeared, but some months after our meeting, I received a letter announcing his marriage to Dona Aurora Silva.

Thus finished my midnight adventure, of which I may say "all's well that ends well."

Not long ago his Paregorical Highness, the baby King of Spain, attempted to climb out of a new cradle at the risk of his neck. A courtier, one not allowed legally to touch the King, saw his sovereign's peril, and, defying the law, rescued the precious child in the nick of time. For this rash act he lost his place at court.

When you have learned to listen, you have already acquired the rudiments of a good education.

PREMEDITATED PAUSES.

There are many kinds of premeditated pauses. A familiar form is often used by badgering counsel, who are wont to pause after each word of a question, to give the witness an idea that it is of great importance; but this ruse is not always effective, as the following anecdote will show. Counsel: "Now—what—did—you—do—when—as—you—say—the—prisoner—threw—a—beer—glass—at—you?" Witness (promptly): "I dodged!"

Some time ago, a joke turning upon a premeditated pause appeared in one of the comic papers.

The scene is a courtroom, and the judge addressing the prisoner, says: 'I fear you are a great rogue.' With amazing coolness, the prisoner says: 'Not such a fool, my lord, as you'—here followed a lengthy and evidently premeditated pause—'take me to be.'

This manufactured anecdote was doubtless suggested by the speech made by Lord George Sackville during his trial. The words used by his lordship were: 'I stand here as a prisoner unfortunately that gentleman' [indicating the judge] 'sits there as my judge.'

The result of the non-observance of the pause after 'unfortunately' was that Lord George was accused of contempt of court.

Lord Erskine was in the habit of making a very effective pause in all letters replying to solicitations for subscriptions. He wrote: 'SIR—I feel very much honored by your application to me, and beg to subscribe'—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—'myself your very obedient servant,' &c. One of the best instances of this form of pause occurred in a letter received by a popular physician.

This gentleman was pleased with a certain aerated water, and by his recommendations he managed to procure for it some celebrity. For this he expected neither reward nor thanks.

Imagine his surprise, therefore, when he received one day from the makers of the aerated water an effusive letter, stating that his kind recommendations had done so much good that they ventured to send him a hundred—— Here the page turned over. 'This will never do,' said the doctor; 'it is very kind; but I will never think of accepting anything.'

Here he turned the page, and found the sentence ran—'of our circulars for distribution.'

It is always advisable to hear the end of a sentence. A literary man, for instance, once said to one of his lady-friends: 'Will you accept my hand' — Gushing maiden: 'Why, er—so sudden—so unexpected.' Literary man (proceeding, unmoved) — 'book on political economy?'

Somewhat similar is a story told of another couple.

'How bright the stars are to-night! They are almost as bright as'—— She (expecting 'your eyes'): 'Oh, you flatter me!' He (proceeding): 'they were last night.'

Most orators make more or less use of premeditated pauses for rhetorical effect. A popular lecturer is very fond of them; and in this connection he has given a hint that may be worthy the attention of young speakers.

In reply to a friend who taxed him with pausing frequently at the beginning of his lecture, as if he were nervous or did not know what to say, he said that the best method of attracting and riveting the attention of an audience is to give them the idea that you are flurried, unaccustomed to public speaking—in short, that you are going to 'break down.'

HAND-WRITING.—It is an exploded idea that character may be read from hand-writing. Brave men may perpetuate a timid scrawl, generous and high-minded men may write a mean hand, and cowards produce a bold and flowing script. Porson, the great Greek scholar, among the untidiest of all students wrote neatly and elegantly. Cromwell's writing; though large, is shaky. Shakespeare's signature is not particularly clear. Napoleon Bonaparte wrote illegibly, it is said purposely, to hide his bad spelling. The hand-writing of the fortune-minded Charles I. is as clear and striking as that of Thomas Carlyle is crabbed and indistinct. On the other hand Queen Elizabeth's handwriting is magnificent. Edgar Allan Poe wrote with scarce an erasure, whereas the manuscript of Charles Dickens, to be seen at the Foster collection at South Kensington, is rugged and full of alterations and emendations. Many men write large or small, in characters boldly or weakly formed according to their humor of the moment. Again, handwriting depends for its style on the school in which it is taught and the purpose to which it is applied. The manuscript of Bryon, of Thomas Campbell, and of Thackeray may be called the literary hand.

Says a San Francisco teacher:—"The mother of one of my pupils had died, and I made the event the occasion for a serious talk to the children, reminding them of their own happy homes, impressing upon them the duties, etc. The little ones were pretty sober and thoughtful, when up went a hand on the back seat. A little fellow sitting there, whose father had a third wife, evidently wished to give some information to me. "Well, Johnny, what is it?" I asked. "Please, ma-a-m, I've had two mothers, and I'm goin' on the third."

THERE are vices which have no hold upon us, but in connection with others; and which, when you cut down the trunk, fall like the branches.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A young Irish lady has just performed a swimming feat under very peculiar circumstances. Seeking to persuade a local fisherman to become temperate, the latter promised to do so provided that she undertook to swim the bay between Blacklock and Port Ballantrea, a distance of about one mile. The young lady accepted the challenge, and accomplished the undertaking in thirty-one minutes, with the results that the fisherman donned the blue ribbon and signed the temperance pledge.

The Panama Canal is suffering from red tape, according to this paragraph which a Boston daily publishes. On one occasion it took 16 days' time and two hundred miles travel for vouchers for some lubricating oil which was lying along side of a dredge for which it was needed and these dredges lay idle at the cost of $3000 a day until they could get the oil. Upon another occasion it took seven days to get five cents worth of vaseline out of the basement of the building in which it was needed for some instruments of precision to prevent them from rusting.

A New York woman writes congratulating Northern girls that they have at last awaked to the use of watermelon juice as a cosmetic. Their sisters in the South have for generations, she adds, beautified their complexion by the aid of a melon. "After a long drive, a sail, or any summer outing, nothing is so soothing to the face as the water from both pulp and rind. The first, crushed by dainty hands and rubbed on the face, takes off all sunburn, while the application of the cool white pulp next to the red 'meat' removes all 'stickiness' and gives a softness to the skin of the melon bather that can be obtained from nothing else. This is nature's own cosmetic."

A novel swindling scheme is being practiced in New York by a gang of sharpers. The modus operandi is as follows: One enters an office, and, assuming an air of semi-intoxication says he met a few friends—hic—and whooped up things a little. Can't get home—hic—wouldn't the proprietor advance a dollar or so on his watch chain. He is ashamed of his predicament, but the loan is only a temporary one, which will be—hic—lifted the following morning. Then, with a multitude of hics he declares his gratitude for the loan, goes away with the money, and after a day or two the accommodating business man discovers the chain is the cheapest of bogus jewelry.

An aged Leominster (Mass.) citizen who retires to bed early, was aroused about midnight by loud talking that caused thoughts of burglars to run through his mind. Unmindful of his advanced years he grasped his pistol and left his bed determined to put the intruders to flight. After thoroughly searching the upper rooms without finding the supposed rascals he descended to the parlor where the talking was again heard. The sound came from the direction of the front steps, and the old gentleman opened the door very cautiously only to find his daughter and her lover carrying on an animated conversation.

The color of Mary Stuart's hair has quite as much to do with the history of the world as the length of Cleopatra's nose. Yet it is quite uncertain what the hue of the Queen of Scots' tresses really was. In Heidelberg Castle are two quite authentic portraits, one with red hair, the other black. They represent the queen of the same age. At the tercentenary exhibition at Peterborough there are portraits representing Queen Mary as of all shades of hair and complexion. The popular impression (see the works of Mr. Swinburne) is that her eyes were blue and hair dark brown; but there is a lock of her hair in the possession of the Queen which is considered authentic, and this is light. It is suggested however that the Queen of Scots may have dyed. According to the Dean of Peterborough, Mary is quite "plain" in some of her portraits. Most women will envy that sort of plainess.

A Yankee of a daring disposition has been studying the use of pneumatic tubes, and he has reached a point at which he hopes to be able to demonstrate that a tube across the Atlantic can be used! According to the programme the tubes will always be in couples, with the currents of air in one tube always moving in the opposite direction from those in the other. The heaviest cannon, he says, will serve to illustrate the tube. A car to take the place of the charge; the tube is to be indefinitely continuous, and the speed of the car is to be governed by the rapidity with which the air can be forced through. The speed of the current, he continues, may be made as great as may be desired by using the steam driving fans employed in blast furnaces. Niagara Falls could drive blast fans and could furnish motive power to keep in motion the trains connecting America and the Old World. The top speed attained by the trains "may reach a thousand miles an hour!" The tube lining and the car exterior would be of polished steel with corrugated sides provided with anti-friction bearings. The speed, owing to a curvature of the earth's surface, will tend to overcome all weight, and the pressure will be upon the upper part of the tube, thus there is scarcely any limit to the speed attainable. Such is the dream of the latest Yankee inventor.

Our Young Folks.

VIOLA'S VICTORY.

BY S. H. C.

"WHY, it's too terrible! I declare it's perfectly horrible!" exclaimed a loud boyish voice.

"I should just think so," chimed in another voice—that of a boy scarcely eight years old. "What's to be done, I'd like to know, Robin? The bank has broke—that's the one fact that's certain—and every penny of mother's money is gone."

"We're beggars, in plain fact," was Robin's impatient rejoinder. "A nice piece of business it is to be sure! What's to become of us all?"

There was silence for the next few minutes within that handsome parlor, replete with every luxury that could be imagined. Even the ticking of an elegant timepiece on the mantle-shelf could be heard.

Every one seemed perfectly bewildered at the news which had only reached Ivy Home, as the mansion was called that very afternoon. As Mrs. Gayland well knew, both her children and herself had never known anything but luxury all their lives, and what was still worse, and sadly to be deplored, had never learnt any way in which to earn money.

In her own girlish days she had not only been accustomed to have many slaves about her, all ready to do exactly as she wished; and now, perhaps, not only herself, but her children, might have to work as hard as slaves—who knew?—to win their daily bread. No wonder that she sat there in her chair like someone stunned.

And then suddenly—in a tone of brightness in it which thrilled through the entire room—a clear musical voice broke the entire stillness.

"Here! Listen, all of you! I've got an idea." Then came yet more resolutely. "I'll keep you—all of you—and money for you, I mean. Don't be afraid. It's all right."

Even in an hour of such dismay both boys laughed; and their mother turned suddenly around and face the small figure—a dark-eyed, thoughtful-faced child, with soft dark glossy hair, and the loveliest complexion imaginable.

"Viola! You don't even know what you are talking about," came reprovingly. "Don't worry me by talking nonsense today, there's a dear child."

"I'm not talking nonsense—indeed I'm not, mother; and as to worry you, on such a day as this too—why, I wouldn't do so for all the world. No; I'm in earnest mother. I mean to keep you—and the boys too, of course."

Robin's sense of amusement had now changed to anger. He did not in the least relish the idea of his little sister taking him thus under her own protection; and Roland, to tell the truth was quite as much annoyed.

"I'm afraid, pet," said mother softly, "you won't be able to do much at first. You're young, you know. But you shall try with the rest of us to do the best you can dear. As I told you, dear, we shall all be obliged to live in that shabby cottage in which old nurse has been living—you remember. The cottage happens to be my very own—it was given me by my father; but we shan't have a penny left to us even to eat—that is, at any rate, as far as I can see at present.

"That won't matter in the least," came stoutly in answer. "I can manage all that. It's altogether capital. I've got an idea. Didn't I tell you so?"

The boys now began to think that this now was really beyond a joke; and their mother, patting Viola upon the head, whispered that little girls didn't always know what they were talking about, and that they mustn't be so very conceited—which statement was, of course, perfectly true.

Mrs. Gayland was glad now to leave her beautiful home as soon as possible. It was too sad to stay there and know that it did not actually belong to herself. Yes; they would take possession of the little country cottage as soon as possible.

* * * * * *

"Well then, children, we begin life here with only two dollars." It was Mrs. Gayland who spoke. They had just arrived in the new home. Everything looked wretched, miserable, and poverty stricken—a strange contrast indeed to the pleasant home which they had just left. only two rooms now; and scarcely a bit of furniture in them.

Viola, however, it must be remembered, was an American girl, and therefore, young as she was resolved to face the life before her bravely.

"Put away your two dollars, mother," was her quick reply. "The day may come—who knows?—when you will want them. They will always be something to fall back upon at any rate."

Mother looked at her daughter in real astonishment. Again this was all too ridiculous.

Robin and Roland were already trying hard to find work that would pay them; but as to Viola doing as she had been in the habit of declaring she would, why, no one had ever bestowed even the least thought upon her words after they had been once uttered.

"It's true, and I'm in earnest," returned the scarcely seven-year-old child. "I've arranged with Farmer Griddle's wife to churn for her every morning before breakfast——"

"You make butter, Viola!" was the interruption. "Why, you can't even——"

"Then it's never too late to make a beginning," was the rather funny answer; "so I start to-morrow morning. If I spoil the butter, I've made a bargain with the farmer that his wife shan't scold me the first time. It wouldn't be fair; would it?"

"But, my dear Viola—when did you make this arrangement? I did not know anything about it."

"No, of course not. It was all to be a pleasant surprise for you: don't you see? I thought fifty cents a month—that's what Mrs. Griddle says she will give me would be such a grand help."

"So it will, darling but you will grow tired of this regular morning churning—that is if you can manage it at all." The mother still spoke doubtfully. She could not quite understand Viola. What in the world had put this idea of churning for money into the child's head?"

"I shan't grow tired of it; and of course I can learn. A woman—I shall be one soon, you know—can do everything. Why not? At any rate, that's what Mrs. Griddle says."

"Do as you like then, pet."

And then the child, whose mind was thus wrapped up in thinking of her new plan, ran away, she had once more crossed the meadow, and was standing gravely and earnestly by Mrs. Griddle's side.

"Here's four dimes," she said. "They are all my own for father gave them to me long before he died. Take them—won't you?—and give me two or three chickens in return. I've got another idea, Mrs. Griddle. I'll sell young ones, also eggs. Why not?"

There was a bright light in the speaker's eyes as the words fell; and Mrs. Griddle exclaimed heartily, "Why, bless her little heart! If she won't be the blessing of her mother's home, after all! I shouldn't wonder if she one day makes her own fortune."

The next morning saw Viola perched upon a stool, and churning busily. The blue print frock which she wore was already terribly splashed with the buttermilk, and it seemed hard work altogether.

"It's a pretty picture to look at, at any rate," mused the farmer's wife; "and if the little one spoils the butter once in any way, it can't be helped. There's good stuff in the wee thing."

* * * * * *

Three years had passed away, and Mrs. Gayland was ill. They thought, even, she would not live.

No one exactly knew what had served to bring on the illness; and what was more, it had come quite suddenly.

Perhaps it had been the result of so much poorer living than in former days, and also of all the work; for Mrs. Gayland, too, had been toiling very hard.

Robin and Roland had both obtained work in the far-away city; but, so far, they had only enough money for themselves, and not too much of that either.

"And perhaps I may die, my Viola," said the mother sadly. "We neither of us know what is the matter with me, and we have no money to pay a doctor."

There was an instant's pause, and then Viola had suddenly fallen upon her knees, hiding her face within both hands.

"I thank God," she exclaimed passionately, "that He has helped me to manage this!" And then she told her short story from beginning to end. It was not indeed long. "I have had a secret, mother, all to a while. You won't be cross with me, will you? I wanted—oh, so terribly!—to give you great pleasure one day. I made more money by my eggs and chickens than I ever told you about. It seemed to me as if, perhaps, some day the money would be needed. You knew I went to the market and sold my things, but you did not know always how much money I got for them. I put some aside every week. I thought one day perhaps I would give you all some wonderful presents if we didn't want it for anything else; and now here it is, mother," and Viola had in an excited way risen to her feet. "The money is here, all hid away in an old stocking, which always lies in this hole just behind that nice large picture of dear father. I thought somehow that it was sure to be safe near him. Always when you cleaned the picture I hid my money elsewhere. There!" and she rattled out the cash, one coin after the other, upon the table just in front of them. "Thirty dollars, mother! There! What do you say to that? That will pay for the doctor—won't it?—and for lots of other things. I'll be off at once, and send Dame Griddle to take care of you."

It was indeed a proud moment for Viola; who spoke, too, quite with the air of a woman in those days.

* * * * * *

But it was a prouder moment still for the little heroine—and also a happier one—when, later on, the doctor stood by mother's side, and declared that with care she would soon be well again.

"All the delicious things that your daughter has brought you," he said, "will soon restore you to good health, especially that expensive wine which she would insist upon buying for you.

"You have saved your mother's life," he added earnestly; turning, as he spoke, towards the beautiful Viola. "There is no one else to thank but yourself, and I trust she will be spared for many years to come."

There was a hot flush upon the happy girl's cheek.

As Robin was heard to say afterwards, Viola's "idea" had been the blessing of their lives, and they could never forgive themselves for having laughed at it.

Viola had firmly resolved from the first to help those belonging to her; and this only because she thought all honest work honorable.

THE FOUND AND LOST.

BY B. LONG.

THERE had been a terrible storm along the coast, and the rumor had reached us, that the "Eva Gore" was lost, with all on board.

Then came the torturing suspense of brooding hope and despair. On! the weary, weary days! and on! the weary nights!—sleepless, tearful nights, for which morning had no brightness in store!

News came at last. The dreadful uncertainty gave place to the more dreadful certainty.

The officers of a vessel just arrived in New York, reported having passed the wreck of the "Eva Gore," a few days previously.

There was no doubt about the matter at all;—the name was distinctly visible, and there was every indication, that every soul on board had perished.

How cold and unfeeling this language seems! as though I were chronicling the merest bit of ordinary gossip. But my heart aches and my tears flow, as the memory of that season of bitter suffering comes back again.

Alden York was mate of the "Eva Gore." He had been my playmate through infancy and childhood, my lover and affianced husband during all the bright fleeting years since.

A few short weeks more, on his return from this voyage, we were to be married. He was to give up the sea, and we were to settle down upon a farm, close to the old people—the parents and mine,—and peace, content, and happiness, were to settle upon our steps, ever after.

This was what I fondly imagined; but now all was changed. The darkness, and chill, and horror, of the grave, had swallowed up every hope.

All the beauty and gladness of my life had gone with the mortal form of my loved one, down, down, beneath the cruel treacherous waves of the remorseless ocean.

And not for me alone, had existence thus suddenly become a pain and a torture. Even in my own despair, I was not blind to the suffering of my dear old friends—my almost parents—the father and mother of my lost Alden.

He was their only son,—the light of their eyes, and the pride of their hearts; and his final return, our marriage, and plans for our future establishment, had occupied their minds, and furnished nearly the sole subjects of their conversation, for the last half year.

Well, we bore our grief with what patience and resignation we could—as others have done, and are doing, and will continue to do, while the world stands—and two years dragged slowly by.

Long before this time, both Mrs. Yorke and myself, had abandoned all thoughts of ever seeing our loved one again, till the sea shall give up its dead; but Mr. Yorke, although he had for the last few months, refrained from dwelling upon the subject—as he had done at first,—devising possible chances of rescue, and rehearsing remarkable instances of such a nature, which he had heard or read of—still, it was evident to us, that he clung to the deceitful hope that "his boy" would yet return.

But the doubt, the anxiety, the "hope deferred," bore harder upon him, than the dread certainty would have done.

He was restless and nervous; sometimes unnaturally cheerful, and again gloomy and silent. His health gave way—symptoms of heart disease manifested themselves, to our great concern—and he "grew old," much faster than did his wife.

At their urgent desire, and in pity for their loneliness, I had taken up my residence with them permanently. They treated me in all respects as their child, and I, in turn, gave them the love and respect of a daughter—second, only, to what I felt for my own parents.

One evening, during a severe northeast storm—the kind which were the most dangerous upon the Jersey coast—we were sitting, gloomy and low-spirited, listening to the howling of the wind, the dashing of the rain, and the distant roaring of the surf, when there came a hesitating knock at the outer door.

I hastened to open it, and encountered upon the threshold, a stranger, a foot traveler apparently, for he carried a valise upon a stick over his shoulder, who asked, in low and depressing tones, if we would kindly give him shelter for the night.

Without hesitation—for the stranger and the needy, never turned in disappointment from that door—I bade him enter and welcome.

I took him to the warm kitchen, gave him dry garments for which to exchange his dripping ones, and after pressing him to partake of food, which he declined, conducted him into the little sitting room, feeling glad, all the while, that something had transpired to break in upon our mournful thoughts, and hoping that he would find it in his heart to be talkative and entertaining, in return for my trouble. Even the merest gossip, I felt, would be an agreeable change from the gloomy taciturnity, which, in spite of us, had seemed likely to prevail throughout the evening.

I soon found, however, that we need expect nothing from our guest, in the way of entertainment.

He took the chair, I had placed for him near the glowing gate, into the darkest corner of the room, muttering something about weak eyes, as he did so, seated himself, and shading his face with his hand, relapsed into silence.

Mr. Yorke made one or two attempts to draw him into conversation, but without success.

He replied in a constrained, hesitating manner, as though laboring under an impediment in his speech, and always in the fewest words possible.

I had somehow got the impression that he was a young man, though of his face (all the lower part of which, was hidden by his heavy, dark beard,) I had, as yet, obtained but a partial view.

Mr. York watched him furtively; and at last, after a silence of some ten minutes or more, during which time, the storm had seemed to raged with increased violence, he made another effort towards sociability.

"This is a fearful night for the coasters," he said, moving his chair a little so as to sit facing his guest.

"Yes, truly it is," the stranger responded evincing more interest than he had hitherto shown. "You and I may well feel thankful that we are on solid land to-night."

"Have you ever followed the sea?" asked Mr. Yorke, looking keenly at him and trying to obtain a better view of his face, which was partially concealed by his hand.

"Yes, for several years," was the reply.

"A coaster, or did you trade to other countries?" queried Mr. Yorke.

"Both, though the latter mostly;" was the reply.

"You have undoubtedly seen some very rough times," said Mr. Yorke. "Were you ever wrecked yourself, or did you ever meet with other vessels in that condition?"

He was growing excited and nervous. Mrs. Yorke and I exchanged anxious and sorrowful glances. "Poor weak old man," I thought, "now he hopes to hear something of our lost one;" and dreading the effect upon him of so exciting a subject, we both tried repeatedly to change it, but ineffectually, for not only Mr. Yorke, but the stranger persistently returned to it, and followed it up after each interruption by us.

Finally, the stranger narrated in his slow stammering labored way, how he had once been shipwrecked; and how his shipmates, one after another, had perished before his sight, and how he had given up all hope of rescue, and was momentarily expecting to share the same fate, when a friendly sail hove in sight; and lastly, how he was most miraculously saved.

Mr. Yorke's nervous excitement increased alarmingly, during the recital, and Mrs. Yorke and myself were scarcely less agitated; it brought so vividly to our minds the sufferings of another and "a dearer one," to whom no friendly succor was vouchsafed.

"How long ago was this?" said Mr. Yorke, his voice tremulous with emotion, while it seemed as though he would pierce the stranger through and through so searchingly did he study him from head to foot.

"Let's see was the hesitating reply. "It was about the—you remember, do you, when the Eva Gore was lost?"

"Hold sir!" shouted Mr. Yorke rising to his feet, and supporting himself by the arms of his chair while he bent towards his guest. "Hold sir! You are feigning! You are disguising your voice! Let me see your face! Remove your hand and look at me! Great God! It's him! It's my boy! I knew it!" and with a shuddering moan he sank back senseless in his chair.

In my concern for him, my terror for the consequence of this fearful excitement, in the feeble state of health, I had failed to take in the full meaning of his agitated exclamations.

And even now, I am unable to say, when the knowledge first forced itself upon my mind, that the man, who was bending so wildly, over the still form of my dear old friend, calling him "father," and uttering broken sentences—now of grief and pity for him, but more often, of blame for himself, that he had done this rash thing, all the while chafing the fast stiffening fingers, or otherwise assisting us in our endeavors to recall him to life and animation—that this was, really and in fact, Alden Yorke.

That the consciousness did come to me during that fearful time, I am certain; for I know we spoke to each other,—asking and replying to questions, and directing each other in our hurry and agitation; but I experienced neither surprise nor joy; grief and anxiety at the situation of my friend and second father, having, for the time, swallowed up all other emotions.

All our efforts, assisted by those of kind neighbors and our family physician, proved of no avail.

The shock, to an already weakened frame, was too much. That one blissful moment of recognition was all that the mortal senses of the loving old man could bear.

MARRIED HAPPINESS.—There are three requisites to form married happiness—prudence, good-nature, and love. Prudence and good-nature are very different things not under command; but whenever they appear love is sure to follow as the chaise and horses. When the trio meet, happiness will grow with time, and like the oak, flourishes in old age. No decays of beauty or of health, no wrinkles of the face can diminish it. But if we look into the world we shall find the matches of this description almost as thinly scattered as the righteous man in Sodom.

Our sweetest experiences of affection are meant to be suggestions of that realm which is the home of the heart.

OUTLIVED.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

You have returned—yes, so I see,
But 'tis too late, you're naught to me;
My pulse throbs with no quickened beat
To see you kneeling at my feet;
You have no longer power to move
My thoughts from their accustomed groove.

It strikes me with sharp wonderment
That I have learned to be content
Without your love, and one time I
Thought if it failed me I should die;
That I could not endure existence
If you rejected my heart's insolence.

You bade me struggle to forget
That you and I had ever met;
And now, strange irony of fate,
You come again—but 'tis too late.
I took you at your word, you see,
And now I stand before you—free!

How hard I wrestled, God can tell;
He knows how oft the midnight bell
Found me upon my knees in prayer.
Thank Him, He pitied my despair!
He gave the victory to my hand,
He freed me from your yoke and band.

I'm sadder for my battle—yes,
I'll never be as glad and careless
As I used to be. I've learned
How hard and slow soul freedom's earned.
And now you understand how valu
It is to ask my love again.

ALONG THE SEA.

Some of our readers, no doubt, have never been at any of this country's great summer watering resorts. Of the various places those in New Jersey are the most popular. We will choose one of these, which less than a quarter of a century ago was an obscure seaside village, but is at the present time one of the most prominent in the Union.

Several years ago, a body of capitalists, recognizing the natural advantages of the spot, as possessing a long stretch of beach of fine firm sand, well suited for bathing purposes, determined to give it the same kind of relation to Philadelphia and New York as Brighton has to London.

The syndicate therefore bought a few of the farms in the vicinity of the village and proceeded to turn them into villa plots. But the difficulty at first was to induce people to purchase them.

By dint, however, of constructing new lines of railway, of building large, well-appointed hotels, and by systematic and extensive advertising, season after season, the speculation began to enjoy a fair measure of success.

But, it was undoubtedly a master-stroke of policy when the owners of the property succeeded in inducing General Grant, at that time President of the United States, to pass his summers there. The place at once became fashionable; and since then, its popularity has known no diminution.

In one respect the character of life at seaside places in this country differs essentially from that in England. The practice of living in lodgings, so prevalent there, is almost unknown in the United States, the accommodations for visitors being nearly exclusively afforded by boarding-houses and hotels.

Instead of visitors to these places being left almost dependent upon their own resources for amusement, ample provision is made for their entertainment. Here, besides the usual out-of-doors occupations of boating, bathing and fishing, there are found in each of the hotels and large boarding-houses, a reading-room, well supplied with newspapers and other periodicals; a bowling-alley; and two or three drawing-rooms, in each of which chess, draughts, and cards are provided for the use of visitors. Nearly every evening there is a "hop," and once a week or fortnight there is a full-dress ball given, an excellent band being engaged for the occasion.

The principal promenade and drive in the village, extends along the shore for nearly three miles; and on the beach below, during the summer months, rows of huts, of the most primitive construction, are placed for the accommodation of the public. From these shanties it is necessary for bathers to walk across the sands two or three hundred yards to the sea.

Of course, under these circumstances, men as well as women are compelled to wear bathing dresses. Those of the gentleman usually consist of coarse white flannel or blue serge; those of the ladies are made of various materials and colors, and frequently elaborately trimmed.

Both sexes bathe together, as is the fashion in France. Generally this practice is absolutely necessary as a precaution of safety, for this part of the New Jersey coast is exposed to the whole sweep of the Atlantic surges, which in rough weather dash furiously upon the shore, there being no projecting headland to break the force of the waves.

It is true that a rope—attached to stakes deeply driven into the sands—is stretched along the beach; but when the surf is very heavy, this rope is almost practically useless to women and children, as they are frequently compelled to relax their grasp of it by the force of the waves; and were they not assisted by their male companions, they would be in danger of being dragged down by the under-tow.

A favorite amusement is shark fishing. The business is generally conducted in this way. Several gentleman club together and charter a sloop for the day, the owner of the vessel engaging a crew and supplying the requisite tackle.

This consists of a large barbed hook quite two feet in length. To the shank of it is attached in the first instance about a fathom of iron chain, and to that a stout rope is fastened. The object of using the chain is to prevent the shark, after it has gorged the bait, getting away, which, if the rope were connected directly with the hook, it would be easy for it to do, as the saw like teeth of this fish will cut through the thickest cable in a few seconds. The bait commonly used is a piece of salt pork, which is a favorite delicacy with sharks.

These fish are occasionally caught three or four miles off the shore six to seven feet long; but the average size of those captured is seldom more than four or five feet, as the larger ones as a rule do not frequent the shallow waters of the coast.

The sharks, especially the bigger ones, offer a determined resistance, and it requires the united strength of several men to haul one on board. Once on deck, however, a blow or two on the head with an axe quickly puts an end to his struggles.

The shark when caught is always allowed to become the perquisite of the crew of the vessel, and the sailors find a ready sale for its skin and for the oil extracted from the liver.

Deep-sea fishing of every kind is excellent along the whole coast of New Jersey, porgies, cat-fish, black-fish, blue-fish, eels, etc., being abundant. Trolling for blue-fish is considered the best sport of all, as the fishermen, instead of being compelled to sit in a boat at anchor under a broiling sun, can under full canvas pursue this amusement.

The fishing-line runs about fifty yards astern, trailing the "squid," as the bait is technically termed, along the surface of the water. The squid, from which the hook projects, is a hollow piece of bright tin about the size of a small sprat, and when in motion, is mistaken by the blue-fish for its natural prey.

Grains of Gold.

Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.

Nothing is a greater sacrifice than to prostitute the great name of God to the petulancy of an idle tongue.

Men possessing minds which are morose, solemn and indexible, enjoy, in general, a greater share of dignity than of happiness.

It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions forge their fetters.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding, by experience; the most ignorant, by necessity; and beasts, by nature.

Paying of debts is, next to the grace of God, the best means in the world to deliver, you from a thousand temptations to sin and vanity.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirit; wherefore jesting is not unlawful, as it trespasseth not in quantity, quality or season.

Who cannot make one in the circle of harmless merriment without a secret cause of grief or seriousness may be suspected of pride, hypocrisy or formality.

He who is always in a hurry to be wealthy and immersed in the study of augmenting his fortune, has lost the arms of reason and deserted the post of virtue.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would mod alleviate the general curse they lie under, by natural offices of compassion, benevolence and humanity.

It is in disputes as in armies; where the weaker side sets up false lights, and makes a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

Femininities.

Women, like princes, find few real friends.

A novel fan has a vinaigrette fitted into the outer stick.

A silver box, representing a domino, makes a handy stamp holder.

What is the first thing a young lady looks for in church?—The hims.

The newest penholders are of silver with the owner's initial on the top.

Women do not their part when they do make their ordered houses know them.

Kerosene and powdered lime, whiting, or wood ashes will scour tin with the least labor.

Unslacked lime is excellent for cleaning small steel articles, such as jewelry, buckles and the like.

Truth is a queen who has her eternal throne in heaven, and her seat of empire in the heart of God.

A sign in New York reads: "Women treated for ugliness." The women who enter there go in veiled.

A fly composed of turquoises, struggling in the meshes of a frail gold spider's web, is an odd bracelet setting.

The wearing of gloves of a different color—the right hand different from the left—is increasing in Paris.

For relief from heartburn or dyspepsia drink a little cold water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of salt.

At Santiago, in Chili, whenever a stranger is received in the house each of the ladies of the family offers him a rose.

As they suspect a man in the city who is ostentatious of his riches, so should the woman be who makes the most noise of her virtue.

Mother: "My daughter, if the bad boys try to flirt with you, have nothing to do with them." Daughter: "How about the good boys?"

For hoarseness, beat a fresh egg and thicken it with fine white sugar. Eat of it freely, and the hoarseness will soon be relieved.

A club of society women in England are going to start a large poultry farm near London. Bee culture is also included in the scheme.

A fan of gold, thickly set with small pearls and having a diagonal line of turquoises running across it, makes a dainty summer scarf-pin.

A young lady being asked if there were many beautiful women in the place, innocently replied: "Oh, no; there are only six of us at present."

If quilts are folded or rolled tightly after washing, then beaten with a rolling-pin or potato-masher, it lightens up the cotton and makes them seem soft and new.

The notion at present is to be slim and slender, and everything that can possibly be dispensed with is cast aside to keep the figure to the desired proportions.

Beautiful, beautiful silken hair, how I wonder what you are; whether you belong to the head you adora, or whether from another girl's head you were shorn.

Domestic: "What will I get for breakfast? There isn't a bit of bread in the house!" Mrs. Youngwife: "Dear, dear; that is too bad! I suppose you had better have toast."

Chemists say that it takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves, sauce, etc., if put in when they begin to cook, as it does to sweeten after the fruit is cooked.

Typhena, 34th queen of the Zat family of gypsies, is encamped at Saybrook Point, Conn. She will go to Bristol, England, in November, to attend a world gypsy encampment to be held there.

Proverbs of women: "Because is a woman's answer"—English. "He that has a wife has strife"—French. "What a woman wills, God wills"—Ibid. "Die her her will, or she'll burst"—Scotch.

Equestrianism is exceedingly fashionable at Long Branch this season, and scores of young ladies in tight-fitting habits and shining black-silk hats are seen on the fashionable drives every evening.

A young lady living near Minden, Neb., has made herself a dress from flour sacks. It is said the dress presents a very unique and picturesque appearance, with "Straight Grade" in front and "Early Risers" behind.

"What a simple and modest bathing suit Miss Spider always wears," remarked the minister. "Yes," replied Miss Vivacity, unconsciously; "you will always find a girl modest at the seaside when she weighs only 95 pounds.

The conversation turned on an old woman who had just died at the age of 108. "And was she really as old as that?" "Yes, and so intelligent! Do you know, only the day before her death she kicked up a row with her son-in-law!"

Dealer: "Those $2 50 jersey shirts don't seem to sell well at all." Clerk: "No, they don't; everybody says $2.50 is too high for them; that they can buy 'em cheaper at other places." Dealer: "Well, put some in the window and mark them $1.75—for one day only—the 'one day only' will catch 'em."

A modern French custom at baptisms is that of presenting all the guests with sugared almonds in a bonbonniere, which has the appearance of a roll of parchment. On this roll are inscribed the names of the child, of the parents, god-parents, the date of the birth and christening, and the name of the church where the ceremony was performed.

In wringing flannels or cloths out of boiling water for the purpose of making fomentations, it is difficult to do the work effectually without scalding the hands, and, in avoiding this mischance, flannels are often only half wrung. If, however, the flannel is doubled and folded, and a stick is put through each end, the two sticks can be twisted different ways, and the flannel wrung almost dry without the hands being burnt at all.

Masculinities.

Swallowing nine times will usually stop hiccough.

He who would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.

Two things a man does not often forget—His first love and his first smoke.

The grumbler grumbles most when he finds there is nothing to grumble about.

Five head porters in the leading Chicago hotels are collectively worth over half a million dollars.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.

The King of the Belgians hates tobacco, never wears gloves, and goes barehanded as much as possible.

A woman's rights lady remarks that the highest act of a man is to have his life insured for his wife's benefit.

The under dog in a fight deserves no pity. He will pitch into a smaller dog than himself the moment he gets a chance.

An enterprising physician in Australia advertises: "I will pay half the funeral expenses in cases where I am not successful."

At the club. "Jack's just finished a letter to his fiancee." "Yes, and it was so soft you could hear it swish around in the envelope."

The fool is willing to pay for anything but wisdom. No man buys that of which he supposes himself to have an abundance already.

Senor Pendergast and General O'Ryan, respectively minister of the interior and minister of war in Spain, are, as their names indicate, of Irish lineage.

People who want to keep the hand quite steady while performing any delicate operation will find it an assistance to hold both the elbows closely to the ribs.

Those who are about to take a long walk should soap the inside of the heel and the toe part of their stockings. This will do much to prevent the formation of blisters.

An open valise of bright silver, having a miniature parasol of oxidized silver, also half open, resting against it, is a dainty design for a cigarette and matchstand.

The devil tempts men through their ambition, their cupidity, or their appetite, until he comes to the profane swearer, whom he catches without any reward.

Smokers have another novelty in the shape of a cigarette-holder, which represents a corncob pipe. The bowl and stem are of silver and the mouthpiece of amber.

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser," says the proverb, with great truth. The guiltier a man's conscience is the more willing he is to worry along without an accuser.

Heiress: "I am afraid that it is not for me that you come here so often, but for my money." Ardent wooer. "You are cruel to say so. How can I get your money without getting you?"

Tar may be removed from the hands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel, and drying immediately. The volatile oils dissolve the tar so that it can be rubbed off.

A lady in Norwich, Conn., it is said, has constructed a scarecrow so ladylike and thoroughly fetching that every man who goes by tries to get up a flirtation with it. It is taken in the house on rainy days.

A "blind" beggar in Nebraska City having been tendered a banquet of bread and water instead of cash, by the county officials, told them he would see them in the summer resort of the hereafter.

Near Chattanooga, Tenn., a father who had forgiven his eloping daughter and her young Lochinvar, nevertheless gave a sound drubbing to the friend who acted as best man in the runaway match.

Chicago boasts of appropriate names for some of her citizens. There is a man named Anguish, who is a dealer in green fruit, and a Mr. Catcher, who represents a Boston firm that manufactures buttons.

Mother: "Johnny, you mustn't play with Willie Brown any more." Johnny: "Why not, mamma?" "Because he is a bad little boy." "Well, mamma, I ain't so doggone good myself that you ought to be kickin'."

A medical writer urges dyspeptics to learn to eat olives as a means of repairing and lubricating the weak stomach, a means which he declares to be more efficient than all the pills and medical draughts ever concocted.

A proposed law in Connecticut requires the owner of each dog to give a bond in the sum of $1000 for the good behavior of his cur, on which bond he may be sued for all damages to life or property which his worthless animal may cause.

Daughter: "Papa, dear, Mr. Sampson is coming to-night, and I wish when you go to bed that you would close the transom over your door." Father, humbly: "Do I snore so loudly as all that?" "Yes, papa; and I don't want Mr. Sampson to think that that sort of thing runs in the family."

A Belgian manager prints his show bills in different colors to indicate the quality of his selections. A red bill advises that the play is naughty, a white bill that it is good, a blue bill that naughtiness and morality are evenly balanced, and a yellow bill warns husbands not to bring their wives or they will become too enlightened.

Instead of being confronted with a smiling, diamond-ornamented clerk, as in America, you meet a sad-faced, dismal, dejected-looking young woman in English hotels, who, in a husky whisper, asks you to register, and who assigns you a room, then shuts up under a mantle of reserve and withdraws to the interior of the office.

Recent Book Issues.

The latest issue of "Ticknor's Paper Series" is "Aulnay Tower," by Blanche Willis Howard. This an admirable story of an old French seignioral chateau and its inmates, during the last siege of Paris; the characters being a young patrician lady of France and her unwilling guests, a group of German officers, and the action taking place in Aulnay Tower, just outside the camps and batteries of the besieging armies. A story of absorbing interest, brilliancy of style, charm of graphic character-drawing and exquisite literary quality.

"An Iceland Fisherman" is a translation from the French of Pierre Loti, by Clara Cadiot. It is a touching story, in which the customs of simple fisher folk are described in a manner that is thoroughly absorbing. The hero is a manly young fellow who says he will wed only the sea. He does not keep his promise, however, but becomes the husband of a charming girl who is soon deprived of him by her rival, the mighty ocean. Published by William Gottsberger. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Studies and Criticisms," by Florence Trail, consist of essays on the subjects, "Pools Filled with Water," "Glimpses into French Literature," "Genius and Religion," "Genius and Morality," "History in Literature," "Skepticism of the Heart," "The Decline of Art." The treatment of these matters is what might be expected from their character. The book is well gotten up as regards printing and binding. Worthington & Co., New York, Publishers. For sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The September number of the *Popular Science Monthly* fully maintains the well-earned reputation of this standard magazine. The opening article is on "The Growth of Jelly-Fishes: a Chapter in New Zoology." Miss Adele M. Fielde contributes "Some Chinese Mortuary Customs." Mr. Benjamin Karr gives some of his observations of "Mental Traits in the Poultry-Yard." In "Animal and Plant Lore" Mrs. Fannie E. Bergen records many curious beliefs in the healing virtues of various repulsive substances. Virgil G. Eaton shows "How the Opium Habit is Acquired;" Rev. Richard Wheatley explains "Stigmatization;" and there is an interesting article on "A Fossil Continent." In "Eye-Mindedness and Ear-Mindedness," Prof. Jos. Jastrow argues that some persons learn most from what they see, others from what they hear. Sir William R. Grove, in "Antagonism," maintains that all progress results from the conflict of opposing forces. Other papers are "Underground Waters and Mineral Veins," by Prof. G. A. Daubree; "Writing Machines for the Blind," by Arthur Good; "Expert Testimony," by Prof. F. W. Clark; "Heliotropism; the Turning Motions of Plants," by Conway MacMillan, and a "Sketch" with portrait, of Gauss, the eminent mathematician. The "Editor's Table," "Correspondence" and other departments show a pleasing variety. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

THE COLOR OF THE EYES.—Clear, light blue, with calm, steadfast glance, denote cheerfulness, good temper, constancy.

Blue, with greenish tints, are not so strongly indicative of these traits, but a slight propensity to greenish tints in eyes of any color is a sign of wisdom and courage.

Pale blue, or steel colored, with shifting motion of eyelids and pupils denote deceitfulness and selfishness.

Dark blue, or violet, denote great affection and purity but not much intellectuality.

Gray, or greenish gray, with orange and blue shades and ever varying tints, are the most intellectual, and are indicative of the impulsive, impressionable temperament—the mixture of the sanguine and bilious, which produces poetic and artistic natures.

Black (dark brown) are a sign of passionate ardor in love.

Light-brown or yellow denote inconstancy; green, deceit and coquetry.

Eyes of no particular color (only some feebie shades of blue or gray, dull, expressionless, dead-looking), belong to the lymphatic temperament, and denote a listless, feeble disposition, and a cold, selfish nature.

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love. Oh, speak not harshly of the stricken one, weeping in silence; break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps; scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted by sympathy; they are what help to elevate him above the brute. We love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed a tear for us we should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over our grave we could never die in peace.

NEVER be argued out of your soul, never be argued out of your honor, and never be argued into believing that soul and honor do not run a great risk if you limp into life with the load of debt on your shoulders.

OH, if I only had her complexion! Why, it is easily obtained. Use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

A JAPANESE ROMANCE.

A few days ago (says a correspondent at Tokio) a Japanes named Suda Tomojiro, advanced in years, went for a day's outing to see the cherry blossoms at Gion, accompained by his daughter Kuni, a charming girl of eighteen or nineteen. After a long stroll, spent in admiring the beautiful flowers, they sat down to rest beneath a fine cherry-tree outside of the temple gates, where Suda was not sorry to refresh himself from the sake bottle which the Japanese generally take with them on such occasions.

Hard by and similarly occupied was another Japanese, forty-five years old, accompained by a lad just out of his teens. As soon as this stranger cast his eyes on Suda his features underwent an extraordinary change. After scrutinizing for a space of some minutes he inquired in an excited tone whether his name was not Suda Tomojiro.

The latter, assenting, asked, with some surprise, what his business might be.

To this the stranger replied—

"I am the younger brother of Meyada Hironda, formerly a samurai of Hikone, whom you, his fellow clansman, slew. To avenge my dead brother I have for long years sought you far and near, but always without success, until this auspicious day which has brought us together. Do you remember that affair?"

"It indeed was I," answered Suda, "who slew your brother; but I slew him justly because he offered me an insult—a provocation which no samurai could brook. If you seek revenge, think not I, a samurai of the old time shall evade you; we shall cross swords as becomes men of our birth. Take revenge on me if you can; I am ready at any time."

The two samurai then arranged to meet in combat that very night at Reizan, and were about to solemnize their agreement with a libation of sake, when the agony of Kuni, hitherto suppressed, broke forth.

Bursting into tears, and seizing her parent's hand, she conjured him not to pledge himself to this terrible duel, besought him at least to reflect on what would become of her were she to lose her father whom she so loved and to whom she owed so much.

At this appeal the stranger by the name Kakujiro, was greatly moved and hung down his head.

"It was some thirteen years ago," he related, "that business brought me to this city, together with my wife and our little daughter, who was six years old. We went to worship at the Kitano shrine and lost our child in the crowd; nor, in spite of the utmost efforts, were we ever able to find her again. My wife soon afterwards died, broken-hearted at this sad calamity. Were our child living now she would be grown as this your daughter."

During Kakujiro's recital Suda's face displayed much unusual interest. At its close, he drew nearer to the narrator and said—

"You have told me that you lost your daughter at Kitano when she was six years old. Now this little maid, it so happens, is not my real daughter, but a lost child found by my wife at the Kitano shrine about the very time of which you speak. Never having been blessed with any children, we have adopted her as our own daughter. But it seems not at all impossible that she is the very child whom you lost."

"I have heard my wife say," said Kakujiro, that our daughter wore a bag containing three charms by which she could easily be identified."

Almost before he had finshed speaking, Kuni produced from her bosom a little bag, out of which she eagerly drew three charms, asking whether they corresponded with those of the lost child.

Kakujiro at once recognized them and in the joy of this great discovery the duel was forgotten and the little party went happily away to celebrate the joyful discovery of the long-lost daughter and to vow ties of future relationship between the two men who but a few minutes before had been resolved on mortal combat.

TO KEEP A BOQUET FRESH.—A queer way to keep a boquet of flowers fresh, but a very striking and effective one, is thus described: In a vessel of water place a plate, and on this place a boquet of flowers weighted at the bottom so as to stand upright. This being done the boquet is covered with a bell glass, the rim of which ought to fit exactly the flat part; the bell glass should be entirely filled with water and without the least air bubble. Then raise all together, bell glass, plate, and boquet, and place on a table, leaving on the plate around the edge of the bell glass a little water to keep the air from entering.

The flowers in this situation will be preserved in all their freshness for several weeks, and their beauty is increased by a great number of bubbles of gas produced by the respiration of the leaves and which attach themselves to the leaves, looking like pearls. The edge of the plate and the water it contains should be concealed by a light bed of moss in which are set some flowers. A boquet thus arranged produces a charming effect especially in the evening.

A little 5-year-old in Washington evidently appreciates her mother because she is her mother, but the sentiment is not unmixed with self-appreciation. "Mamma," she said the other day at the table, "guess what a lady said about you at Sallie's party last night." What was it, dear?" "She said you were the sweetest little girl's mother in Washington."

ABOUT TURKEYS.

Turkeys were introduced into Europe by the Spaniards shortly after the conquest of Mexico. The conquest was achieved in 1521. In 1520, Oviedo described the bird as "the peacock of New Spain;" and in 1535, Pierre Gilles saw it in Venice. In 1557, a law of the Venetian republic limited the number of tables at which it might be served; and in 1570, the Pope's cook informed the world how to dress it.

Philip de Chabot is said to have introduced it into France; but it was not until 1579 that it found its way to the royal table. One was then served at the wedding banquet of Charles IX. They must have been common in 1663, since Henry IV. was under the necessity of punishing the higglers for carrying them away from village owners under pretence of being required by the Queen.

The date of the turkey's introduction into England cannot be precisely fixed. The old couplet:

"Turkeys, carps, hops, pickarel, beer,
Came into England all in one year,"

instead of solving the question, only makes the confusion more confounded.

Both carp and pike (pickerel) were served at the coronation banquet of Henry VI. Carp is not mentioned in 1419 among the fish brought to the London market, whereas pike is mentioned; and Dame Juliana Berners, writing in 1495, says, "There ben but few carp in Englande."

The hop is supposed to have found its way into that country in 1440. In 1529 it was prohibited by statute, in consequence of a petition to Parliament to "put an end to the adulteration of beer with the wicked weed." This conclusively proves that hops and beer were not coeval, and that the writer of th old couplet, when he penned it, indulged in a very bold poetic license.

Very probably they owe the bird to Sebastian Cabot, or one of the old navigators who sailed under the auspices of Henry VIII. It was in this monarch's reign that Cranmer forbade more than one swan, crane or turkey-cock to be served in a dish at the tables of the clergy.

The fowl, however, soon became pretty common, for Tusser enumerates "turkey well-dressed" among the good cheer that smoked on the English farmer's table; and when Shakspeare makes Gower describe Pistol as swelling like a turkey-cock, and Fabian say of Malvolio, "Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes," we may assume that the audiences were able to appreciate the comparison.

So we learn from the exclamation of the carrier (*1 Henry IV.*), "Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved!" that they formed no uncommon part of his load, and were probably almost as familiar to Elizabethan poultry-yards as to those of to-day.

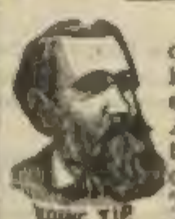
Once established in Europe, the turkey was soon spread over other parts of the world. Tavernier, though he saw no wild ones anywhere in Asia, found the domestic bird in Persia.

He says that the Armenian merchants trading with Venice imported some thence as a present to the Shah, who was so pleased with their flesh that he commanded the Armenians to stock the country with them; but the wily trader, fancying that a turkey-tribute loomed in the future, allowed the chicks to die from want of care.

Suspecting something wrong, the Shah ordered that all dead turkeys should be kept until the authorities could inquire into the cause of their decease; "and," concludes the traveller, "it was my wonder to see so many young turkeys hanging against the walls of some houses that occasioned this story to be told me."

SELF-CONTROL.—It is a very meagre conception of self-control that would limit it to the simple restraint of outward expression. Yet this is frequently the only idea which the word calls up. The passionate man who puts back the angry word which rises to his lips, the inquisitive man who refrains from asking impertinent questions, the loquacious man who imposes a painful silence on himself, the vain man who conceals his self-admiration, the excited man who hides his perturbed emotions under a calm exterior, are cited as illustrations of self control, and no deeper or wider meaning is attached to it. Yet, in truth, these and similar efforts of repression, while belonging to self-control, partaking of its nature and hinting of its presence, no more comprehend it than the faint perfume of a blossom comprehends the entire plant which bore it; for they have to do only with the phenomena which self presents to the world, whereas self-control has to deal with the real self, its manifold faculties, complex characteristics, delicate variations.

WHAT strange creatures girls are! Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman can spare any of her girls—but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a lifetime for victuals and clothes.



Log Cabins are fast going out of style as fashionable residences. Log Cabins will, however, always have a place in American history, as they were the most prominent feature of our country's early social life. The pioneers were strong, rugged, healthy. Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy is a reproduction of one of the best of the old time roots and herbs remedies, which kept them well. Everybody praises "Tippecanoe" as a stomach tonic.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A Cure for All Summer Complaints.

A halfteaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains. For Cholera and severe cases of the foregoing Complaints see our printed directions.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT THAT EVERY FAMILY KEEP A SUPPLY OF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the Ready Relief.

Where epidemic diseases prevail, such as Fevers, Dysentery, Scarlet Fever, and other malignant diseases, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will, if taken as directed, protect the system against attacks, and if seized with sickness quickly cure the patient.

A FAMILY NECESSITY.

SANTA FE, KAS., Aug. 25, '87.

DR. RADWAY & CO.:

Your valuable medicines are a necessity in our family. we entirely rely on the Ready Relief and Pills for what they are recommended, and they never fail to give satisfaction.

MRS. GEORGE LOHMILLER.

Malaria In All Its Forms,

FEVER AND AGUE.

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but if people exposed to it in chills and fever districts will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink it, and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

PRACTICING WITH R. R. R.

MONTAGUE, TEXAS.

Dr. Radway & Co.: I have been using your medicines for the last twenty years, and in all cases of Chills and Fever I have never failed to cure. I never use anything but your READY RELIEF and PILLS.

THOS. J. JONES.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain. Toothache, Headache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Swelling of the Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford instant ease and comfort.

It was the first and is THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs by one application.

Price fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient. Act Without Pain. Always Reliable and Natural in Operation.

A Vegetable Substitute for Calomel.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

What a Physician Says of Radway's Pills.

I am selling your R. R. Relief and your Regulating Pills, and have recommended them above all pills and sell a great many of them, and have them on hand always, and use them in my practice and in my own family, and expect to, in preference of all Pills. Yours respectfully,

DR. A. C. MIDDLEBROOK, Doraville, Ga.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

RADWAY'S PILLS AND DYSPEPSIA.

NEWPORT, KY., Feb. 27, 1887.—Messrs. DR. RADWAY & CO.—Gents: I have been troubled with Dyspepsia for about four months. I tried two different doctors without any permanent benefit; I saw your Ad., and two weeks ago bought a box of your Regulators and feel a great deal better. Enclosed find stamp, please send me your book False and True. Your Pills have done me more good than all the Doctor's Medicine that I have taken, etc. I am, yours respectfully, ROBERT A. PAGE.

Dyspepsia of Long Standing Cured.

DR. RADWAY: I have for many years been afflicted with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and found but little relief until I got your Pills and Resolvents, and they made a perfect cure. They are the best medicine I ever had in my life. Your friend forever. WILLIAM NOONAN.

BLANCHARD, MICH.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 25 cents per box. Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 32 Warren, corner Church sts., New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent you.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

'TIS WHISPERED.

'Tis whispered on the mountain high.
'Tis whispered on the shore,
'Tis whispered where the shadows lie
Beside the cottage door.

When night descends on grove and glade,
And flowers are gemmed with dew,
'Tis whispered in the orchard's shade
And on piazzas, too.

Full often at the garden gate,
Where lovers bill and coo,
'Tis whispered when the hour is late
And when 'tis early, too.

'Tis whispered on the flowery leas,
Where wanton zephyrs play,
The simple sentence, "Oh! if you please,
Do take your arm away!"

—U. N. Nose.

Missing man—Bad marksman.

Driven to the wall—Paper hanger.

An attached couple—Oyster shells.

People that live long—Tall people.

A reigning belle—The beauty on horseback.

The best way to kill a falsehood is to let it lie.

The oldest verse in existence—The universe.

The first duty on T—Don't forget to cross it.

Sure way to turn people's heads—Go late to church.

A chord often lacking in the church choir—Accord.

Why is the word "Yes" like a mountain?—Because it's an assent.

The peach crop may be doubtful, but the speech crop will not fail.

The baggage smasher is the only genuine railroad break-man.

Ought to be willing to sit down—A merchant of 40 years standing.

Why is a chicken like a farmer?—Because both delight in a fall crop.

Why do "birds in their little nest agree?" They would fall out if they did not agree.

Wages in China are 2 cents a day. No wonder Chinamen can't afford to get their hair cut.

If you have a scolding wife, trust to time; old age may bring you the blessing of deafness.

What is that which comes with a coach, goes with a coach, is of no use to the coach, and yet the coach cannot go without it? A noise.

He, making an evening call: "Shall I sing one more song, Miss Clara, before I go?" She. "I should be delighted, Mr. Sampson—er—if you think you have time."

On their wedding trip. Scene, a railroad restaurant: "Oh, dear! I wish we had a hammer to crack this pie crust." He: "Wait a moment, my love; I will buy a sandwich."

Wife, at Niagara Falls: "How grand and awe-inspiring it all is, John!" Husband, drawing a long breath: "Yes, but don't talk, my dear. I want to listen to the roar of the waters."

"Oh, miss," said a lovesick swain, "if I were but your bright star, how brightly would I shine for you!" "What a pity," she said, musingly, "that you can't shine here." He went out directly.

"There's some cloud resting on Squanders. Every time I meet him he is gloomier than before. He must owe a lot of money!" "That isn't what troubles him, though. It's because he can't owe any more."

If one person could have a monopoly of lying he might make his fortune in no time; but, unfortunately, there are so many in the business that the profits are ridiculously small, considering the amount that has to be invested.

"Ma," said Bobby, "have I been a good boy to-day?" "Yes, Bobby, and I am very proud of you." "Well, will you do me a favor, ma?" "If it's reasonable, Bobby. What is it?" "Let me go to bed to-night without saying my prayers."

"I'm very glad to have been of any comfort to your poor husband, my good woman. But what made you send for me, instead of your own minister?" "Weel, sir, it's typhus my poor husband's got, and we dinna think it just reet for our ain minister to run the risk."

Wanamaker's.

Closed at 1 P. M. Saturdays.

THERE ARE A HUNDRED PLACES IN THE STORE where prices have been squeezed out of shape. It's always so when we get toward the thin edge of Summer. Count on saving half or third or quarter on almost anything that will soon be behind the season.

FOR CHILLY EVENINGS OR DAMP DAYS, FLANNEL for comfort. Cotton-and-wool "Ceylon" Flannel fills the bill well enough. Won't shrink. 37½, 50, and 65c. French Printed Flannel, every thread sheep's wool, 50 and 62c.

A LITTLE EARLY TO BE TALKING OF HEAVY ALL-wool Blankets, but maybe you won't be able to save $1 a pair on them when the frost begins to nip. 6 pounds the pair, and as the market runs worth $5; our price $4. Size 72x84 inches.

THERE'S BEEN TALK OF HIGHER PRICES FOR Mexican Grass Hammocks. No matter; here is a new lot at the old price, $1.50. Colored or plain, 14 ft., 4 lbs. No. 4 Palmer Hammock, $1.50, with pillow and stretcher.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

HOW TO GO TO SLEEP.

It is now, I believe, writes a correspondent, generally accepted that our conscious, daylight thinking processes are carried on in the sinister half of our brain—i. e., in the lobe which controls the action of the right arm and leg.

Pondering on the use of the dexter half of the brain—possibly in all unconscious cerebration, and whatsoever may be genuine of the mysteries of planchette and spirit rapping—I came to the conclusion (shared, no doubt, by many other better-qualified inquirers) that we dream with this lobe, and that the fantastic, unmoral, spirit-like character of dreams is, in some way, traceable to that fact.

The practical inference then struck me. To bring back sleep when lost we must quiet the conscious, thinking, sinister side of our brains, and bring into activity only the dream side, the dexter lobe.

To do this the only plan I could devise was to compel myself to put aside every waking thought, even soothing and pleasant ones, and every effort of daylight memory, such as counting numbers or the repetition of easy-flowing verses, the latter having been my not wholly unsuccessful practice for many years.

Instead of all this I saw I must think of a dream; the more recent the better, and go over and over the scene it presented. Armed with this idea, the next time I found myself awakening at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, instead of merely trying to banish painful thoughts and repeating as was my habit, that recommendable soporific, "Paradise and the Peri," I reverted at once to the dream from which I had awakened, and tried to go on with it.

In a moment I was asleep! And from that time the experiment, often repeated, has scarcely ever failed. Not seldom the result is as sudden as the fall of a curtain; and seems like a charm.

A friend to whom I have confided my little discovery tells me that, without any preliminary theorizing about the lobes of the brain, she had hit upon the same plan to produce sleep, and had found it wonderfully efficacious.

WATERMELON ETHICS.—"A watermelon, even though it be a 60-pounder," philosophizes a southern paper, "is not intended to be devoured in public, nor is one watermelon, no matter what its weight may be, more than enough for one healthy person. This fact is probably well known to every country school-boy. The art of eating a watermelon and keeping cool is as simple now as it was in the days of long ago. The rind should be slit with a short-bladed knife, so that when the melon is divided the heart of it shall rest in one of the halves in one luscious, juicy lump. The knife should then be carefully wiped and then put in the pocket. Then the coat should be taken off and the sleeves rolled up. Plunge the right hand under one end of the heart and the left hand under the other; lift the dripping mass to the mouth and fall to. The juice will trickle down your arms and saturate your face; but what of it? There is plenty and to spare, though the feast is the rarest to be found on earth."

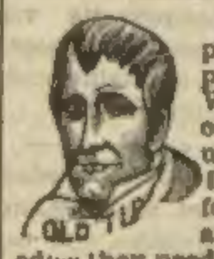
CONFIDENCE MEN.—"It's hard to understand," said a detective, "how so many smart persons hand over their money to confidence men. But then the confidence men are pretty smart."

"How do they manage to succeed so often?" asked the other of the party."

"They do it very easily," replied the detective. "They first make up a directory of the principal cities and towns in the country. This directory contains the names of a number of the most prominent business men of each town, and also a few well-known characters about the town. Then, when they catch a victim and learn where he is from, they refer to the directory. When the confidence man mentions a few names the stranger thinks he sure y must have come from his town. They also frequent hotels and look over the registers, picking out names. They then search their own register, and, if successful in meeting a victim, they are ready to converse with him and make him believe that they are from his home."

THE MATTER OF LIFE.—According to the best authorities, half of all who live die before 17. Only 1 person in 10,000 lives to be 100 years old, and but 1 in 100 reaches 60. The married live longer than the single, and out of every 1000 born only 95 weddings take place. Of 1000 persons who have reached 70 there are of clergymen, orators and public speakers, 43; farmers, 40; workmen, 33; soldiers, 32, lawyers, 30; professors, 27; doctors, 24.

Farmers and workmen do not arrive at a good old age as often as clergymen and others who perform no manual labor, but this is owing to the neglect of health. These farmers or workmen eat a heavy supper on a summer's day, and sit around the doors in their shirtsleeves, and in their tired condition and weakened circulation, are easily chilled, laying the foundatin for diarrhœa, bilious colic, pneumonia and consumption.



A LOG CABIN was the birth place of a number of the best presidents we have had. While without the modern conveniences they were not uncomfortable habitations. They were certainly healthy, for our ancestors were rugged and long-lived, and the remedies they used were simple preparations of roots and herbs. The best blood purifier is again brought into general use in Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla.

THE WASTE OF HEALTH.—We all value health, and yet how we waste it! There is no way in which we do not disregard the rules that compass it. We read, for example, in the dark, and in bed, and in the cars, instead of waiting for light and quiet; we sit all day at work, when we should vary the day with exercise; we eat in a hurry, as if we feared each morsel was to be snatched from us, when we should eat slowly and invoke the powers of digestion; we steal from sleep the hours that belong to that benign restorer of tired nature; we delight our gustatory nerves over banquets which millstones could not grind to digestion, and we drink draughts which inflame the stomach and set the brain on fire and bring the body to naught.

DAUGHTER—"Why pa you are not thinking of going out this late hour?" Father (resolutely)—"Yes, I am." Daughter—"You ain't going out after a doctor?" Father—"No; I'm going after a gun." Young man (rising hurriedly)—"Well, I think I will have to say good-night." Father (glaring at him)—Good-morning!"

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This splendid, solid gold, hunting-case watch, is now sold for $85; at that price it is the best bargain in America; until lately it could not be purchased for less than $100. We have both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one of these elegant watches absolutely FREE. These watches may be depended on, not only as solid gold, but as standing among the most perfect, correct and reliable timekeepers in the world. You ask how is this wonderful offer possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality to keep in their house, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES; these samples, as well as the watch, we send ABSOLUTELY FREE, and after you have kept them in your house for 2 months, and shown them to those who may have called, they become entirely your own property. It is possible to make this great offer, sending the Solid Gold Watch and large line of valuable samples FREE, for the reason that the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two, we usually get from $1,500 to $3,000 in trade from the surrounding country. Those who write to us at once will receive a great benefit for scarcely any work and trouble. This, the most remarkable and liberal offer ever known, is made in order that our valuable HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America; reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show them to those who may call at your home, and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card, on which to write us, costs but 1 cent, and if, after you know all, you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure, FREE, AN ELEGANT $85, SOLID GOLD, HUNTING-CASE WATCH and our large, complete line of valuable HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. We pay all express freight, etc. Address STINSON & CO., Box 303 Portland, Maine.

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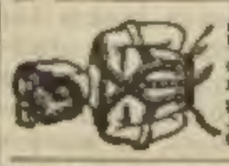

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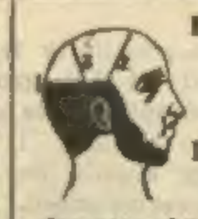

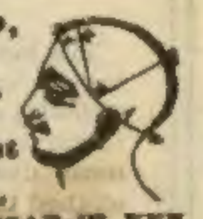

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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The number of students not living in Brooklyn who have wanted to enter Packer Institute has made it desirable that a home should be provided especially adapted to this necessity. This home, which has been so successfully conducted for a number of years, will be in the future under the management of Mrs. N. B. De Sausaure.

For her special fitness for the duties of this office, Mrs. De Sausaure receives the most emphatic endorsement of the Institute.

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In the autumn of 1882 Mrs. De Sausaure will open her spacious, cheerful and elegant house, No. 167 Montague street, two minutes' walk from the Institute. Under her care the comforts of a well appointed home will be secured to young ladies, a careful and constant oversight of their studies, and such tender care as will make it a home in its literal sense, combined with the social advantages that form so important a part of a woman's symmetrical education.

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Mrs. De Sausaure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Sausaure cites, by permission, the following

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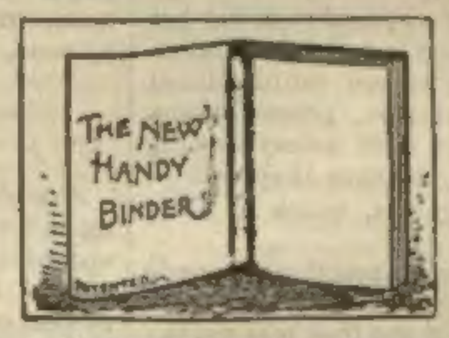

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Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
720 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The hot weather is often peculiarly trying to children, especially if they grow quickly, and to dress them suitably is an important consideration to mothers. It is most desirable that they should be so clothed that they are not overweighted. It may be carried out in washing material, or in light woolen combined with washing silk.

Little frocks of French muslin, pure white, with tucks above the hem, and rows of perpendicular insertion above that, very wide ribbon sashes of different colors at the waist, the bodices in one with the skirts, high up to the throat, full sleeves to the wrist, and good sensible invisible tucks to let down in the skirt as they grow.

For washing dresses for children much self-colored embroidery is used; it washes all together so well. Holland coming is into favor again, with large turn-down collars of lace, sometimes trimmed with bands of cross-stitch, in red and blue, and lace worked to match, which also has the merit of washing.

Turkey twill is greatly in favor and keeps clean, and improves by an introduction to the tub. Occasionally such frocks are worked all over with blue stars in loose easy stitches which slightly tones down to red.

Children still wear sailor's hats, but mostly turned up and trimmed at the back. There are several new shapes with wide brims, which shade the face, and are not unlike bonnets. Leghorn hats with wide brims bent into quaint and curious forms suit young faces, and they are trimmed both with feathers and flowers.

By this time we know exactly what is being worn as well as what has been provided for customers. The Directoire coat is an excellent adaptation of the dress of a period which was not by any means sensible to the modes of to-day.

The waistcoat is much a one as has been worn the last year past; it fastens invisibly, and is bordered with a fine bead or gimp trimming. It is of the same material as the front of the skirt, which above the hem is ornamented with a design faithfully copied from one worn when Napoleon I. ruled France. The revers at the neck are of the same striped materials, but they are not grotesquely large as so many were. The cut of the coat is calculated to show off the figure, and much diminishes the apparent size of the waist.

There is a high collar, the front of which only matches the waist-coat; the coat sleeves are made nigh and full on the shoulder, and are buttoned on the outside of the arm at the wrist; large buttons appear at the back of the waist on the coat, which is closely pleated. Elastic cloth and moire are the two materials I should chiefly recommend for such a coat; and for short figures that stripes do not suit, shot silk might be substituted, and rich brocade could be used for the outside. Swallow-tails, loose coat-fronts, ending at the waist, and sides turned back in the coat to show the lining appertain to another style of Directoire coat.

Dark gowns may be considerable lightened by crossing vests of white soft or corded silk. They are often made up of a muslin foundation, and edged with velvet revers or folds of ribbon velvet and so can be pinned on when required, and answer for many dresses. Black silks are much improved thereby and for travelling they take so little room, there is a great deal to be said in their favor.

For woolen gowns a special material has been made, which has a satin foundation worked all over in gold and multi-colored silk—rose, pink, crimson, greens, blues, and drabs. They are most dressy-looking and are not costly, so that they can be added to ordinary gowns, much to their improvement.

Paris gowns are only exceptionally made with the short waists, and a broad sash reaching to just below the bust is as yet the nearest approach to that style here in England; the stride towards the fashions of eighty years ago seems to have been more rapid.

Soft fabrics are mostly made up here in Louis XV. styles, with pointed bodices, clusters of ribbons, and the coloring of that century. Preachers on the art of dress have over again declared satin to be a material o the past, but it never disappears, and is now worn by the best-dressed people even more than moire, which appears to have become common. Poplin, poplinette, and soilienne are employed for young women's gowns and all drape well.

The Legardiere is one of the newest, with the side brim turned up all around, ribbon trimmings mingling with g old galon and large blooms. In many shapes all the trimmings are placed so as to keep the brim turning upwards to the crown at the back. These shapes cannot be mistaken for bonnets, but there are some with the brim raised above the face which are most closely allied to the more stately bonnets worn without strings. Natural blooms are often worn now in millinery as well as on evening dresses, natural roses with natural leaves, but the latter have been so well treated that they are durable, but the roses must of necessity fade.

Very narrow ribbons in clustered rosettes are placed in bonnets, and give them a child-like simplicity and these same narrow ribbons are introduced on to evening dresses and matinees and are threaded through insertion, which is used for a variety of purposes. For young girls' dresses they show to advantage in Crepe en Pekin, with a silke stripe, and Mousseline Chiffon, like fine mull muslin without dress.

A new make of veil has a fine Esprit star on the very thinnest ground, a comfort this to women whose sight is beginning to fail them, and who find a veil trying to the eyes and often a great impediment to seeing. Bordered nets are much used but in Paris veils are not considered a necessity.

A great deal of shaded or glace ribbons are employed to trim hats; as a rule the cross threads of two colors are so arranged that one side of the shot ribbons shows forth one color more strongly, the reverse side putting forward the other. The shaded ribbons are beautiful, deepening from cream to the deepest violet, through all the varieties of mauve, or to deep green through various delicate pea shades, etc.

Picot ribbons are quite gone out, the favorite ribbons being moire, shaded half plain, half shaded, glace, etc. The edge is, as a rule, a simple satin line. Shot or plain moire or faille ribbons are embroidered with spots in a contrasting shade.

Shaded tulles are being used in millinery ordinary and fancy tulles, also crepe lisse, gauze, etc. Some beautiful metalic laces, have been prepared for the use of modistes to form the brim and draperies of capotes. These are embroideries in tinsel of various colors on white tulle, which has the best effect.

Aigrettes to dress the hair for evening wear made of glace ribbon and boquet of flowers. Wreaths are being made of tiny ivy leaves, with delicately pointed leaves and stalks as fine as a hair. Boquets of violets, combined with white narcissus, make aigrettes. One aigrette is a large pink rose, mingled with plumes of a delicate leaf-green.

Charming novelties in pocket handkerchiefs have appeared, they are of all colors. On a ground of pink, red and blue, or lilac, extends a sprinkling of tiny crescents, horseshoes, spots, stars, in some widely contrasting shade, such as red on blue, blue on pink, black on pale blue.

Mauresque lace is being utilized for the little one's clothing, completely covering the cream satin frocks and pelisses, and appearing around the capes to the depth of half a yard. One little frock made with a yoke had this deep lace carried around it, with loop bows of gauze ribbon at the throat and on the shoulders.

A pretty pelisse was made of a silky pink and blue stripe, faint of tone. The cape and skirt are bordered by inch-wide pink ribbon, arranged in Vandykes by folding, with soft, fluffy balls between each. A silk girdle round the waist.

Garden hats are more ornamental than before, a frill of lace being added and soft bows. The bonnets are still of the granny form, much trimmed with lace and ribbons.

Odds and Ends.

A VARIETY OF DISHES.

Stewed Breast of Veal.—Melt 1 oz. of butter in a saucepan, and mix with it a tablespoonful of flour, then stir in one pint of water. Have a couple of pounds of breast of veal cut in neat pieces, 2in. long, lay them in the saucepan when the contents boil, adding pepper and salt to taste, a bunch of sweet herbs, a shallot, and some parsley tied together. Let the whole simmer very gently till the veal is thoroughly done, then remove the bunch, and just before serving stir in off the fire the yolk of an egg, beaten up with a little lemon juice, and strained. A few button mushrooms may be stewed along with the meat.

Stewed Fowl.—Mix in a saucepan 2 ozs. of butter with a heaped tablespoonful of flour. When the two are well mixed, add a pint of stock free from fat or a pint of boiling water, a bunch of sweet herbs with parsley and a shallot and a dozen each of small onions, and button mushrooms with pepper and salt to taste; let all boil half an hour, then remove the bunch of sweet herbs and parsley and lay into the saucepan the remnants of a couple of roast fowls cut into as neat joints as is possible. Let the whole stew very gently for an hour, and serve.

Fish Patties.—Pick out from the remnants of a boiled turbot and lobster sauce as much fish meat as will suffice, mince it, not too finely; do the same to any pieces of lobster that may be left in the sauce, make it thoroughly warm in the bain marie and fill the patties.

In the absence of lobster sauce proceed as follows: Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a tablespoonful flour, pepper and salt to taste; mix well, then add milk, and keep on stirring till the sauce acquires the desired consistency. Take as much of this sauce as may be necessary, put the pieces of fish into it, seasoned with pepper, salt and grated nutmeg, and, lastly, stir in a tablespoonful of cream.

Heat some remnants of salmon in the same manner, warming them in the following sauce, to which the least bit of cayenne may be added while being made, as well as some minced parsley: Melt 1 oz. of butter, and add to it a dessertspoonful of flour; with salt and white pepper to taste; stir on the fire a couple of minutes, then add a little more than a thumberful of water; keep on stirring for a few minutes, but do not let the sauce boil. At the time of serving, stir into the sauce, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with the quarter of a lemon and strained.

Game Patties.—Pick out from the remnants of a salmis of game as much meat as may be necessary, mince it, not too finely, and warm it with some of the salmis sauce in a bain marie, then fill the patties.

Lobster Patties.—Mince a sufficient quantity (according to the number of patties) of the flesh of a boiled lobster to the size of a small dice, season with salt, spices, and as much cayenne as will rest on the point of a trussing needle. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, mix with it a tablespoonful flour, then the lobster, and some chopped parsley; moisten with a little fish stock until the mixture looks like minced veal; then stir into it off the fire, one or two yolks of eggs, and fill the patties with the mince.

Pound some lobster spawn with an ounce of butter and pass it through a tammy. Take another ounce of butter, melt it in a saucepan with a good pinch of flour, add a small quantity of white stock and the flesh of the lobster minced as above; season with pepper, salt, and powdered nutmeg. When the mixture is quite hot stir in the butter which was pounded with the spawn, and one or two tablespoonfuls of cream, according to the quantity; then fill the patties and serve.

Oyster Patties.—Parboil and beard two dozen oysters, cut each into four pieces; melt a piece of butter in a saucepan and stir in a pinch of flour, add the strained oyster liquor, the oysters, pepper and salt to taste, grated nutmeg, chopped parsley; then stir in, off the fire, the yolks of two eggs, beaten up with the juice of half a lemon, and strained.

Prawn Patties.—Take two or three dozen prawns, pick out the meat from the tails and put it to one side, pound all the prawns in the mortar with half their bulk of butter and the juice of half a lemon, then pass the whole through a sieve. Put this prawn butter into a saucepan with a pinch of flour mix well on the fire, add a little fish stock or hot water, then the prawns, pepper and salt to taste, and a little cream; when quite hot, fill the patties and serve.

Sweetbread Patties.—From what is left of a dish of stewed sweetbread cut up as many small dice as is possible. Take some of the sauce or gravy and make it hot in a bain marie, strain it on the sweetbread dice, make the whole boiling hot in the bain marie, and fill the patties with it. If the sweetbreads are garnished with mushrooms treat the rest of the mushrooms in the same way as the sweetbreads, and put the two together to warm in the sauce.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach the fruit; but the fact is that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is over eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure.

Peevishness may be considered the canker of life that destroys its vigor and checks its improvement, that creeps in with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

None are too wise to be mistaken, but few are so wisely just as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes, and especially the mistakes of prejudice.

Confidential Correspondents.

L. P. H.—The Franco-Prussian war originated in Emperor Napoleon's jealousy of the greatly increased power of Prussia through the successful issue of the war with Denmark in 1864 and with Austria in 1866.

G. S.—It is a very foolish piece of business for a young lady, who has become engaged to a man, to seek to pry into his previous love affairs. In such an undertaking, you cannot, of course, find out anything which will give you any pleasure, but will inevitably find out much that will annoy and pain you. You had better give up the idea.

Mabel, C. M.—We possess no knowledge of the necromancy of love. If you are not sought, you had better not try to seek. 2. We cannot publish the signs of handkerchief flirtations. 3. "Circumstances alter cases." It is not improper to request the escort of a cousin or very intimate friend, yet it would be better in all cases to let the gentleman proffer his services.

Spero.—You are not "obliged" to take stimulants every night because "you feel nervous and depressed;" still less are you obliged to "increase the quantity." This is just the way that many become habitual drunkards of the worst type. Give this bad habit up at once and for good. Take plenty of exercise, and, if you require it, a cup of milk gruel or beef tea the last thing at night.

Cæsar.—The four letters, S.P.Q.R., which are often seen in pictures engraved on the front of Roman buildings, is the abbreviated form of the motto of the republic of Rome. They are the initial letters of the words, "Senatus populusque Romanus," which, translated literally, means "The Senate and the Roman people"—i. e., "The State, the Republic"—the motto of the Romans.

Gertrude.—Yes, the color of the eyes has a great deal to do with their strength, strange as it may appear to you. Those eyes which are brown or dark colored are weaker and more susceptible of injury from various causes than grey or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful and next to those are gray. The lighter the pupil the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain.

G. M. O.—The difference between the clock and sun-time is explained by the elliptical motion of the earth round the sun, which causes an irregularity in the length of days. This is the briefest explanation of the subject we can give you in the little space here allotted to us; if you want to know more about it, you must read it up for yourself in any work on Natural Philosophy, under the head of "Equation of Time."

Puzzled.—You ask us "what is the meaning of a broken column as a monument is a cemetery?" It is one of the emblems of the abode of the dead, which speak a mystical language. What is a column; but the supporter of an edifice? And what is a "broken column," but the supporter broken down and the edifice fallen? You will see, therefore, how very appropriate, and at the same time simple is a broken column as a monument to the dead.

Franc.—To transfer a lithograph, or printed picture of any kind, on glass, so that it will be visible on both sides, give the warmed glass an even coating of Canada balsam or varnish; place the face of the print on the surface thus prepared; when the varnish is partly dry, smooth it out and let it stand in a cool place until the varnish sets; then apply water, and, with a soft piece of india-rubber or the finger tips, rub off the paper so as to leave the image on the varnished glass.

G. C. B.—1. The three balls used by pawnbrokers as a sign are part of the arms of Lombardy, and were adopted by the first pawnbrokers who were Lombards. 2. The striped pole and basin to be seen over so many barbers' shops indicate the calling of surgery, which in former days was practiced by barbers. The basin caught the blood, the stick was used in striking the lance into the vein, and the spiral white of the pole is supposed to represent the tape with which the wound was bound up.

Susa.—The following is a good though rather costly pot pourri. The quantity of rose leaves is not given. Having dried your rose leaves, add to them any flowers or leaves which have retained their scent, and put all in a jar with bay salt between each layer of leaves. Mix with the leaves a quarter of an ounce of musk, following this, two ounces of orris root, gum Benjamin, storax, and angelica root sliced finely. Put in also two ounces of the red leaves of clove gilli flower, two handsful of lavender and bay leaves, a few laurel leaves, a little dried marjoram and balm of Gilead, and lastly the thinly pared rind of two Seville oranges pounded in a mortar with half-an-ounce of cloves. Mix together thoroughly and cover down in close stoppered jars.

Clouds.—This seeker after knowledge asks to be informed "why the rays of the setting and the rising sun are red." The redness of the sun's rays at these times is due to the fact of the rays passing through a very much greater amount of the earth's atmosphere than they do when the sun is some distance from the horizon. Viewed from the centre of the earth, there would be no change in his appearance since the radii of a sphere being equal, there could not be a greater amount of atmosphere in one direction than in another; but when the observation is made from near the surface of the sphere, this is altered, the vertical depth of the atmosphere being small compared with what might be called its horizontal depth. The reason why this greater depth produces the effect seen is, because the atmosphere absorbs the blue and green rays of the sun's light, and allow the red ones only to pass.

E. J.—The Thugs were a professedly religious fraternity in the northern provinces of India, who were named from a Hindoo verb meaning—to deceive—and who looked upon murder as the sole means of staying the wrath of the goddess Kali, and derived their chief means of support from the plunder of their victims who were usually persons of property. In olden times, according to the Hindoo mythology, Kali made war upon a race of giants, from every drop of whose blood sprang a demon. These demons multiplied, and at last the goddess created two men to whom she gave handkerchiefs, with which they strangled the infernal beings. When they had finished their task, she invested them with the privilege of using the handkerchiefs against their fellows; and so, as the legend goes, Thuggism arose. In 1836 a law was passed making it punishable with life imprisonment with hard labor to belong to a gang of Thugs; and now the murderous fraternity is virtually extinct.